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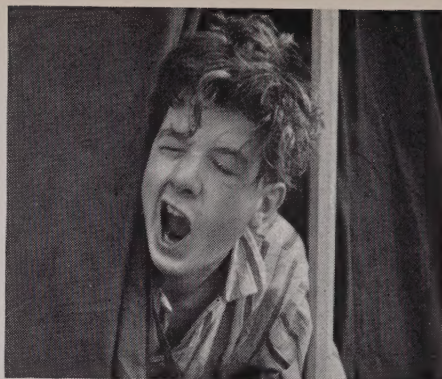
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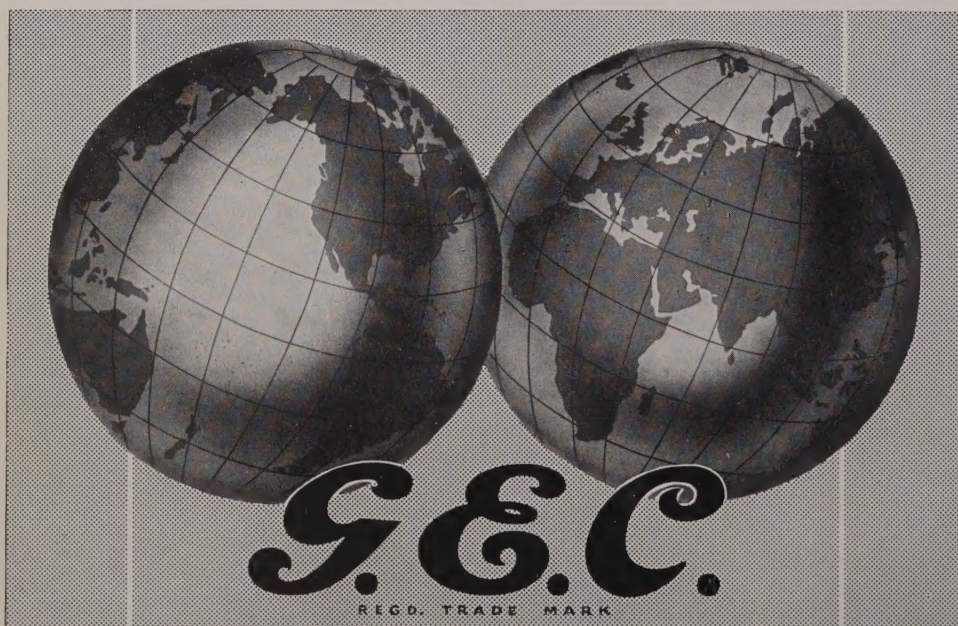
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The Criollo Horse of South America

by A. F. TSCHIFFELY

Articles in our January and March numbers showed where and when animals were domesticated: here is an example of the distribution of domestic animals about the world, and of its consequences. Mr Tschiffely was long domiciled in Argentina; his famous ride of over 10,000 miles from Buenos Aires to Washington, D.C., afforded a notable test of the Criollo horse's powers of endurance

WHEN the New World was discovered no horses existed there, though fossils show that there had been, in very early times, members of the horse family which for some unknown reason had died out many thousands of years before the Spaniards arrived, bringing with them the ancestors of the Criollo horse of today. At the time of the conquest and for long after it the best saddle-horses in Europe were to be found in Spain, descendants of the fine breeds of Barbs and Arabs that in turn had been brought there by the Moors. The horses that were taken to South America were therefore the best, and of these only the fittest survived the hazards of the long, cramped sea-voyage. On arrival further hardships had to be endured, especially during explorations and campaigns through unfamiliar regions in a climate to which they were unaccustomed. In the course of fighting with the Indians some of the horses escaped or were intentionally turned loose, and finding themselves in ideal country—for particularly in the Argentine and to a lesser extent in Uruguay there are huge stretches of rich grassland—the animals thrived and soon began to multiply at an astonishing rate. After a relatively short period of time herds of thousands of wild horses, descended from the finest European stock, were roaming over the pampas.

In the early days, before the Indians were ousted, the main Argentine pampa was known among white settlers as "the desert"—a desert of grass, with only here or there a lagoon or a sweeping undulation to break the monotony. During seasonal migrations of the herds or when droughts obliged them to travel hundreds of miles in search of water, the weaklings died, or foals, lacking the stamina to keep up with their elders, were attacked by pumas. Thus by natural selection a new race was formed: the Criollo.

Several explorers who ventured across the pampas have left records of these tremendous

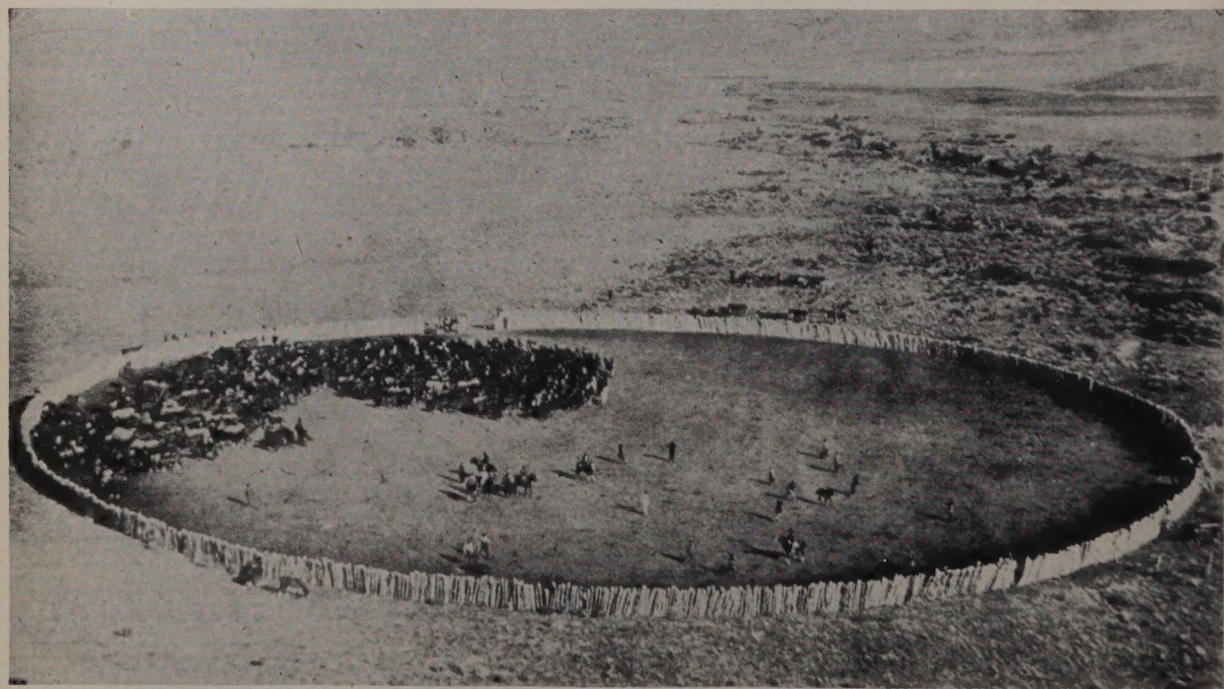
herds of wild horses some two centuries after their ancestors had gained their freedom. One of the most vivid accounts was written by a Jesuit, Thomas Falkner, who spent about forty years in South America. In his book, *A Description of Patagonia and the Adjoining Parts of South America*, printed in Hereford in 1774, he says: "Horned cattle were so abundant that they ran in vast droves, wild without owners, in the plains . . . There is likewise a great plenty of tame horses, and a prodigious number of wild ones . . . The wild horses have no owners, but wander in great troops about those vast plains . . . They go from place to place, against the current of the winds; and, in an inland expedition which I made in 1744, being in these plains for the space of three weeks, they were in such vast numbers that during a fortnight they continually surrounded me. Sometimes they passed me in thick troops, at full speed, for



A. J. Thornton



Descendants of the horses of the Spanish colonizers, the Criollos of South America have been gradually evolved by a process of natural selection in conditions that are harsh but good. By about 1850 so many herds of wild or semi-wild Criollos were roaming the pampas that they were regarded as a nuisance; they were rounded up in huge corrals (below) before being driven north to Uruguay where they were slaughtered for their tongues and hides. This wholesale slaughter, and injudicious cross-breeding, had nearly exterminated the Criollos by 1900



All photographs, except one, from the author



Efforts were made, successfully, at the beginning of the present century to reinstate the breed and Criollos are today once more firmly established. Strong and remarkably agile, they are prized by cattlemen throughout South America. (Below) Gauchos riding at the *trote sereno*, a slow trot at which Criollos can cover immense distances without tiring. The bulky sheepskin saddles can be used by the riders as beds when sleeping out on the pampa. The solitary tree between the two horses is an ombú, which were planted by the Indians as signposts





The qualities of Criollo horses make them invaluable in many ways and in every sort of terrain. In war their powers of endurance and ability to live 'rough' were especially useful. (Left) A photograph taken, during the campaigns against the Indians, in 1883 of an Argentinian officer after an incursion into the pampa, with an Indian Chief and members of his tribe who joined the white forces. All are riding Criollos



Two extremes of country: in Tierra del Fuego (centre) the shepherds round up sheep with Criollos in what would seem to be impossibly mountainous conditions; yet the author's two Patagonian Criollos were equally at home (right) in a Colombian jungle. With them he rode 10,000 miles through swamps, deserts, tropical forests, and over mountains, in every sort of climate, from Buenos Aires to Washington and New York



two or three hours together; during which time it was with the greatest difficulty that I and the four Indians, who accompanied me on this occasion, preserved ourselves from being run over and trampled to pieces by them. At other times I have passed over the same country, and not seen any of them."

Soon many of the Indians, although terrified when they saw horses for the first time, developed into skilful riders. This happened not only in the case of the pampas Indians but also with those of other parts of the Americas, where the horse came to be regarded as a kind of extension of the human body, an appendix designed by nature to facilitate man's progress from one place to another. With great patience and cunning they caught and tamed and trained wild horses. The performance of such animals astonished many travellers, among them an Argentine general, Lucio V. Mansilla, who left the following description in his book *Una Excursion a los Indios Ranqueles*: "From all sides Indians came dashing up at full gallop, taking not the least notice of natural obstacles and difficult terrain where horses trained by us or the English would have fallen prostrate with fatigue after ten minutes, strong as they might have been. The Indians' horses climbed rapidly to the tops of dunes with shifting sand, and descended from them with the speed of lightning. Presently they were lost from our view among shrub-covered hillocks, soon to reappear on their brows. They glided down into low dips, then rose out of them, veered to the right, in doing so avoiding a precipice; then they wheeled to the left, missing another. And so they fairly skimmed over the ground, like a flight of birds, now at the horizon, now across the spreading, tricky plain, and when least expected they fairly shot up beside us."

The horses used by these Indians were Criollos. By the time of the War of Emancipation against Spain, in the early 19th century, the horses of the pampas had acquired characteristics which made them invaluable during those arduous campaigns, some of which lasted months, when forced marches of several hundred miles were accomplished. At the end of long and gruelling journeys there were no oats, corn or bran and the animals had to be content with what sustenance they could 'rustle' off the land, which often offered little or none. They were unaffected by the extremes of heat and cold.

With such tough mounts available, it is not surprising that many amazing rides were made, though no doubt as stories of great feats of endurance were handed down the

facts were distorted, but some are historically accurate and can be proved.

One such ride was made in the year 1767, when the order reached Buenos Aires that the Jesuits were to be expelled from the American continent. The Governor, Francisco de Paula Bucarelli, chose a man named Merlo to take the written news to the Viceroy of Lima, a distance of some 3000 miles. This he covered in forty days, which seems fantastic when one considers the obstacles which had to be overcome. At certain points the rider was probably able to obtain fresh mounts, but enormous distances would have to be covered between changes.

Starting from Buenos Aires, Merlo struck out across the pampas in a north-north-westerly direction, among hostile Indians and with nothing but the sun, moon and stars to guide him. From horizon to horizon he would advance at the *trote sereno* or the *galope corto*, the gauchos' favourite gaits when they have to travel far, for both are easy for horse and rider. Before reaching the eastern walls of the Andes huge waterless tracts and the shimmering salt-beds of Santiago del Estero had to be crossed. Next come grotesque cactus forests, shunned by all living creatures save a few species of birds, lizards and the like. Near what is now the Argentine-Bolivian border he would enter the rocky desolation of great valleys appropriately called, in Spanish, *quebradas* which means "torn asunder". Mountain torrents had to be crossed and in the higher regions the cold becomes intense, the air more and more rarified.

In the *puna*, high up near the snow-line, icy blasts are often so strong that they would cause a horse to stagger and sway. Range after range of mountains would have to be crossed by unmapped passes, 16,000 feet and more above sea level. The only shelter would be provided by the primitive huts of sullen Indians whose faces looked as if they were hewn out of stone. After the snow would come the descent into steaming valleys and dense jungles before, at last, he could reach his destination.

Other riders have almost equalled Merlo's tremendous feat. In 1806 one did the same journey in forty-one days, bearing a copy of the capitulation of the English General Beresford when Buenos Aires was retaken by the colonists after his surprise attack; another averaged 130 miles a day for five days between Buenos Aires and Mendoza in 1810, and there were many more.

But though the toughness and frugality of the Criollos helped to make it possible for

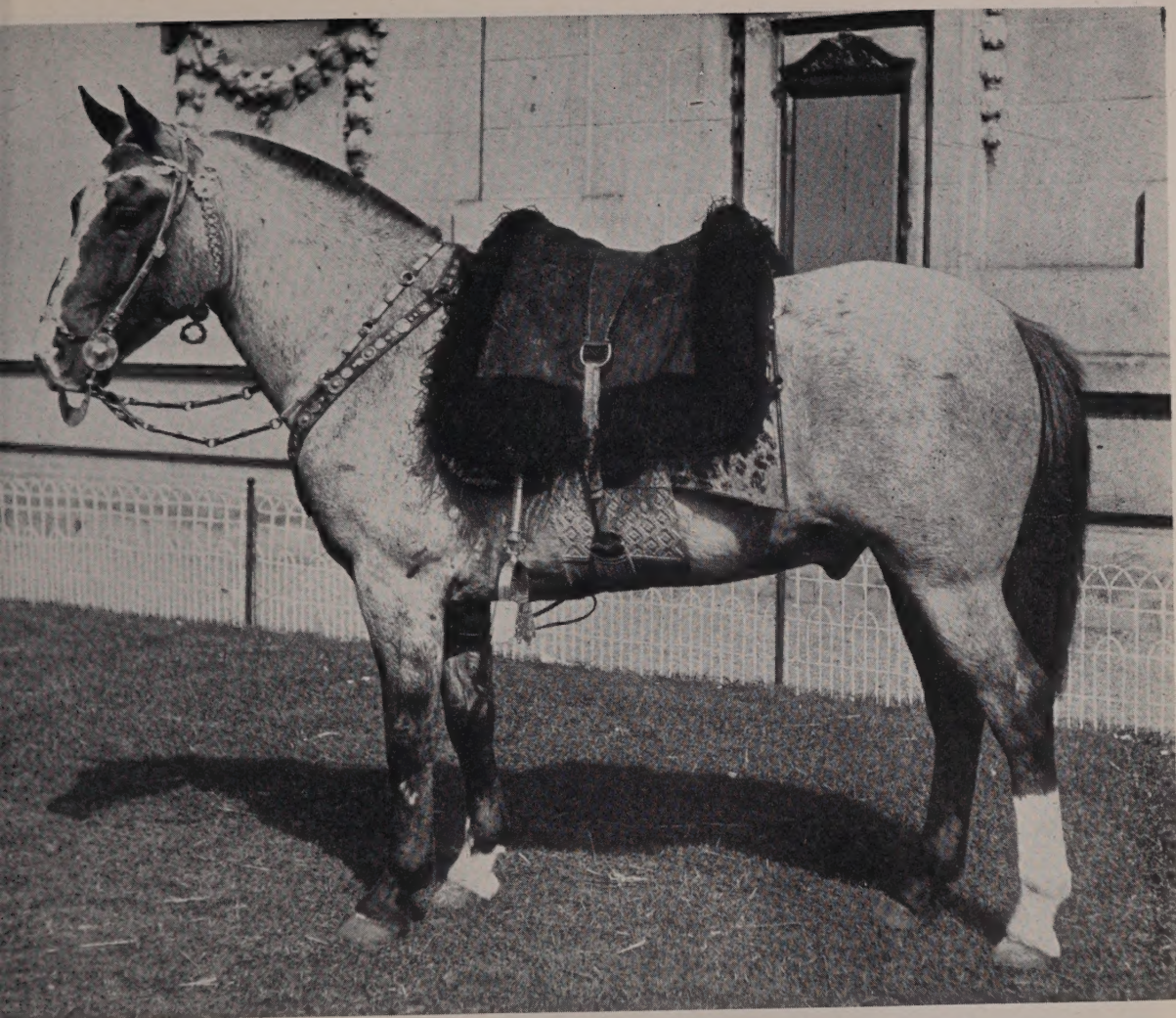
remote regions to be opened up and great fortunes to be amassed, this prosperity paradoxically was to a large extent responsible for the fact that they were, until about a quarter of a century ago, almost threatened with extinction. From about 1850, chiefly on account of Argentina's new prosperity, thoroughbreds began to be introduced. The importation of European animals to improve the semi-wild sheep and cattle met with enormous success but, in the case of the Criollo horse, the experiment (which soon became an obsession with most ranchers) to cross it with thoroughbreds, draught-horses, Anglo-Arabs and other breeds resulted in disaster, yet this indiscriminate and haphazard mixing of breeds continued for some fifty years. Cavalry officers who gave preference to external appearance over performance clamoured for more and more 'blooded' horses whose delicacy and lack of endurance made them unfit for military use. For working stock the halfbred racehorse proved equally unsuitable. Torpidity of action on rough or uneven ground makes the riding

of such animals unpleasant and even dangerous; and when the lasso has to be used experienced stockmen much prefer the smaller Criollos for their agility, surefootedness and sagacity.

Apart from this cross-breeding the wild and semi-wild horses were ruthlessly persecuted, for the grass-land on which they lived was wanted for more profitable purposes and the horses were slaughtered wholesale, until by degrees they had disappeared from many parts of the country. The Indians too were being driven farther and farther to the south in a prolonged and utterly ruthless campaign so that the white settlers could take possession of the land. Only here and there an old gaucho or the impecunious owner of a small ranch kept a few Criollos, but as time passed even they were interbred with every sort of equine 'mongrel'. In remote places, such as the Andean valleys and in the mountains of Patagonia, small herds of pure Criollos survived, but in the developed parts of the Argentine, Chile and Uruguay the breed had, to all practical purposes, ceased to

A comparison of the modern Criollo opposite with a painting by Velasquez in 1647 of a horse of the type the Spaniards took with them to South America shows clearly their similarity of conformation





A fine specimen of the Criollo horse; stockier and more powerful than his Spanish ancestor, but still with evident traces of descent from horses brought into Spain by the Moors at the conquest

exist; and though it continued to be praised in songs and verses, hardly any of the singers or their audiences had any idea of what the Criollo looked like.

The first efforts to bring it back were made towards the end of the last century by an Argentine horse-lover, Ramos Mejia, but it was not until World War I that successful steps were taken to preserve the breed from extinction. In 1916 a few pure specimens were shown at the annual exhibition of the Argentine Rural Society in Buenos Aires. That was the turning point and from then on a number of prominent ranchers began to take an interest in its revival. Chief among these is Dr Emilio Solanet, professor at the Veterinary College of Buenos Aires, who as he travelled over the pampas bought every good-looking Criollo he saw, and by degrees

built up a fine herd.

The modern Criollo is a modification of the 16th-century Spanish horse but the main characteristics of the Arab and Barb ancestors have been preserved. Although today every imaginable colour and combination of colours exists, the striped dun (striped buckskin,) the dark chestnut and the bays are preferred by most gauchos. Naturalists and travellers in the pampas during the second half of the 18th century recorded that most of the herds of wild horses they saw consisted chiefly of dark chestnuts and striped duns. The latter colour is an excellent camouflage, especially in regions where dry and semi-dry grass is the main colour in the landscape; no doubt this is a reversion to the primitive horse's natural colour, for the wild horses of Central Asia are also striped duns.

A Wisconsin Island

by RUSSELL
and JUANITA ROSENE

The urban, agricultural and pastoral aspects of civilization in the United States are constantly brought to the attention of the rest of the world—indeed, since American production is so vast, they are almost inescapable. Americans, however, are often seized with an urge to try and escape: the wilderness still offers opportunity. This is the story of one such attempt



WHEN we were married we decided to retire. Why put it off until old age, we reasoned, when we can enjoy it more now? We had saved enough money to live simply for two years. We bought an island, without even seeing it, because the description appealed to us so much. It was in Wisconsin, 2000 miles from our home in California, and the advertisement said: "Two-room cabin, boats, boathouse, virgin timber, sandy beach." What it didn't say, of course, was that the cabin was a summer cottage only, never finished, and as run-down as were the boats and boathouse, but neither did it adequately describe the beauty and wildness of the surroundings. We discovered both on our arrival but only fully realized the extent of both as the work of repair and exploration began.

The island, an acre and a half in area, is in a small lake named Bear Lake on the river Chippewa, twelve miles from the little town of Loretta; in the cold, wild part of Wisconsin, eighty miles south of Lake Superior. Though isolated it is on the fringe of a well-developed tourist area and gets a sprinkling of 'dudes' from Chicago, 400 miles south-east beyond the rich dairy belt.

Influenced by Thoreau as well as by financial necessity our life on the island was as simple as we could make it; the few luxuries we allowed ourselves only served to sharpen our pleasure. Naturally there are disadvantages—the mosquitoes in spring, the isolation and lack of neighbours—but they

are far outweighed by the advantages. It is a wonderful experience to shed the dullness and absent-mindedness of the city for the gradual awakening of the senses to the beauty, intelligence and vitality of natural surroundings. We bought the island to find these things and we haven't been sorry.

Why should Americans wish to relinquish those conveniences which, on the material level, characterize their culture? In our case I think we were urged by the pioneering spirit in our heritage, by youthful romanticism and by the ever-present desire to seek greener pastures. This is perhaps the most prevalent motive—"man never is, but always to be blest"; and, ironically enough, while the majority of human beings are trying to become more 'civilized' by the acquisition of electric light, plumbing and so forth, others who possess these things sometimes long to leave them and return to life in a wilderness.

But there are other inducements. Some will be evident from the notes to the accompanying pictures: one not mentioned is the realization that conveniences have to be earned at the cost of time; and that 'time-consuming' simple tasks have their own satisfaction. The making of whole-wheat bread affords more than mere gustatory pleasure; wood-chopping gives benefit to soul as well as body. Besides, these tasks still left time, when we acquired the habits necessary to earn *that*, for two activities which are an essential part of our scheme of life—thinking and writing.



photographs by the authors

Kodachrome

The island in Bear Lake in Wisconsin's North Woods to which the authors "retired" after the war. The trees are mostly birch and conifers, of which there are six varieties: Norway pine, white pine, hemlock, cedar, fir and spruce. A few maples and other deciduous softwoods give autumn colour

The cabin was thrown together after World War I with what materials were then available. It is L-shaped, attractive in form but crude in detail, and is built twenty-five feet above the shore. The bottom half of the house is covered with thin metal sheeting—a precaution against porcupines which steadily devoured the outhouse. Furnishings were even cruder than the house: a double-decker iron bed, a table, some chairs eaten by mice and a huge black hulk of a wood-burning cooking stove



Ektachrome



Ektachrome

Much of the time that it had been intended to devote to writing was spent at first in the tasks essential to make the cabin habitable and, later, in getting in sufficient wood for a winter of six months' snow and frost with temperatures falling sometimes as low as 52 degrees below zero. Daily chores such as the washing, pumping water or wood-chopping also took up a lot of time

Electricity was one of the boons of civilization that the authors were escaping from when they bought their island in Wisconsin. The cabin was lighted by a pressure-paraffin lamp and oil lamps, which all needed constant attention and wick-trimming, but contributed to the feeling of independence which was a prime source of enjoyment in life on the lake



Ektachrome



Ektachrome

Apart from innumerable daily activities in and about the cabin there was plenty to do outside: caulking the boats in spring, swimming in summer and exploring all the year round. There were many discoveries to be made and the woods nearby were full of birds and beasts and flowers. Deer, turtles, beavers, muskrats, loons and ducks were the Rosenes' nearest neighbours; an hour or two spent in the creeks and pools in a canoe or one of the boats would provide endless amusement, watching the antics of the island squirrels or a turtle hatching itself and making its first efforts to walk, or an evening display of Northern Lights



Ektachrome

In the autumn the birch-trees and maples enlivened the island and the woods around Bear Lake with a new note of colour. Other people living in the district look on the wilderness as something to exploit. Only recently have the ideas of conservation of forests and game developed, and the laws passed for this purpose are still regarded by the local residents as intended only for tourists; they found it difficult to understand the Rosenes' delight in trees and animals for their own sake and not as things merely to be chopped down or hunted



Ektachrome

Winter, with deep snow and the lake frozen, brought new interests: toboggan rides in the light of a moon that made everything seem as bright as day, or the prowess of a neighbouring hunter to admire; even the agonies of trying to start the frozen engine of the car before the weekly trip to town for mail and gossip

In November, before the lake had frozen over, launching a snow-covered boat could be a cold job but, like most of the work that had to be done on the island, helped to build an appetite for the home-made bread, honey and other satisfying things that were provided from the cabin's primitive kitchen. Whatever the season, life on their Wisconsin island amply gratified the desire for change which moved the Rosenes to settle there



Ektachrome



(Above) *The handsome Georgian Customs House overlooking Poole Harbour in Dorset. On the opposite page are the Customs Houses at (top) Dartmouth, Devon, rebuilt in 1739, and (bottom) Fowey, Cornwall*

King's Men and Smugglers in the West Country

by BEA HOWE

Water-colours by FRANK BOWMAN

Sailing as a girl into West Country creeks and coves, the author came across exciting traces of the ancient war between smuggler and customs officer, in which she has been interested ever since. The present revival of that conflict, due to the shortage of many luxury goods, lends actuality to her account of some events in the history of the buildings which were the centre of its campaigns

THE large and modern-looking Customs Houses of Dover and Folkestone, of Liverpool and Southampton are known to most of us who cross the Channel and Atlantic. But strung along England's whole coast-line, north, south, east or west, are many other Customs Houses less well-known, perhaps, to travellers today. Neglected and ignored in some cases but nearly always picturesque, they are closely bound up with Britain's past: small focal points of her romantic marine

history. Weymouth, Poole, Dartmouth, Exmouth and Fowey—all have Customs Houses which are unique in their own way.

Take Dartmouth or *Dertemuthe* as it was spelt in ancient days; as long ago as 1147 it was selected because of its safe, deep anchorage to be the rendezvous for the great European fleet setting out for the Second Crusade. As a harbour of assembly and departure, Dartmouth has an unusual record. One of the easiest ways of raising revenue in





Another Customs House in Devon: Brixham

the early stages of organizing a state was to collect dues on cargoes landed at the ports, so the greatest single factor in Dartmouth's rise to eminence as a port in mediaeval times—together with Plymouth and Fowey—was the growth of the wine trade. This developed between Dartmouth and Bordeaux when it was acquired by the English crown through the marriage of Henry II to Eleanor of Aquitaine in 1153.

A century later, King Edward I was at Dartmouth in February 1286 to take steps to secure the "whole right and lordship of the towns of Clifton Dartmouth and Hardnasse and in the seaport there and the water of Derte . . . with the rights of lordship, customs and profits". To this day, the river

Dart with all its foreshore and rights of access remains a possession of the Crown or more strictly, since 1333, of the Royal Duchy of Cornwall.

Wine was Dartmouth's most valuable import and on several occasions during the 14th century a leading merchant of the town was appointed Deputy to the Chief Butler of England for the counties of Dorset, Devon and Cornwall. Another interesting connection is that during Henry VI's reign licences were granted in 1420 to various ports, amongst which was Dartmouth, for the embarkation of pilgrims who had to swear "not to take anything prejudicial to England, not to reveal any of its secrets, nor to carry with them any gold or silver, other than would be sufficient for their reasonable expense". To-day, a limited number of travellers' cheques have been substituted for precious gold, besides countless other 'must nots' to embarrass departing English travellers.

In 1368 appear the first records of Bayard's Cove where Dartmouth's charming pedimented Customs House still stands. The origin of the name Bayard's Cove or *Baiardescove*, as it was first spelt, is obscure. The likeliest derivation seems to be from the old French word *bayart* meaning "a large rough barrow constructed like a stretcher, much used in sea ports". Such barrows were used

for centuries by Dartmouth fishermen.

So far as it is known, the business of the Customs and Harbour has always been conducted in Bayard's Cove, the 'old Quay' being placed advantageously in sight of the harbour entrance and below the private stages and wharves. In general character the quayside with its lapping water, its lounging jerseyed sailors and bobbing boats, has changed little through the centuries. The present Customs House was rebuilt in 1739 on the original site.

Close to Dartmouth lies the parish of Brixham with its fascinating fishing port, Brixham Quay, packed tight by tawny-sailed trawlers and almost every other type of fishing craft. Tier upon tier rises its huddle

of tall, gaunt houses built of grey stone, cob, or simple lath and plaster; with its strong, fishy smell and wheeling gulls, Brixham Quay has a typical West Country atmosphere. Its pretty little Customs House is much simpler in structure than Dartmouth's and presents much the same appearance today as it did, on November 7, 1668, to a certain grave and silent, delicate-looking young man when he was carried ashore by a stocky Brixham fisherman called Peter Varwell. This young man was William of Orange, "Dutch William", married to James II's daughter, Mary Stuart, with whom he had been asked to ascend the English throne in place of his father-in-law, now deposed.

Close again to Brixham lie the white chalk cliffs of Beer, honeycombed with deep caves and twisting tunnels that were once the haunt of Devon smugglers. At Beer, a tiny fishing hamlet, another stocky, broad-shouldered young man like Peter Varwell of Brixham was born in 1778, who was to be in and out of the Customs Houses of both Dartmouth and Brixham, not to speak of Poole, for the greater part of his long and strange life. This was John Rattenbury, the famous Devon smuggler called "The Rob Roy of the West", who wrote his own *Memoirs of a Smuggler*, published in 1837. Rattenbury's exploits are endless. In turn, throughout his varied career, he was a respectable pilot and navigator, a republican like many another smuggler when outwardly leading an honest life for a time. He was imprisoned more than once, fined and 'impressed' on several occasions. Chased by every revenue cutter plying up and down the English Channel, his especial enemy appears to have been the Lieutenant in charge of the *Greyhound* based on Weymouth. His last recorded 'run' was when he took twenty tubs of brandy from Torquay to Newton Abbot but was overtaken by the Preventive Officers and captured. After his trial at Dartmouth, where he paid a heavy fine in lieu of going to prison, he more or less settled down and, on his death, was buried in Seaton churchyard. He ends his autobiography with this remarkable sentence:

"The Smuggler gratefully acknowledges the kindness of the Right Hon. Lord Rolle, who now allows him one shilling per week for life."

Fowey or *Fowye* as it is written in an old Customs book of 1713 has a stirring and even older history than either Brixham or Dartmouth. Its sheltered harbour and the river Fowey, overhung by green woods, was known

first to the Phoenicians when they came to Cornwall for tin; then to the Romans who founded a colony here. According to Leland, "the glorie of Fowey rose partely by feates of warres, partely by pyracie, and so waxing riche, fell to marchandise, so that the towne was haunted with shippes of diverse nations".

At the Siege of Calais, Fowey's fleet consisted of forty-seven sail to Plymouth's twenty-six. Soon after, the Foyens, encouraged by their splendid war record, fell to committing reckless deeds on the high seas and so came to be known as the "Gallants of Foy". They were in constant conflict with the ships of other Channel ports, but more especially with those of Winchelsea and Rye. Failing to dip their flag in salute one day at Rye and called to account for their discourtesy, they beat the Sussex men roundly and then coolly added the arms of Rye and Winchelsea to those of Fowey.

But during the reign of Edward IV they went against the King's orders and attacked the French at sea, whereupon according to Leland, "the capitaines of the shippes of Fowye were taken and sent to London and Dertemouth men commanded to fetch their shippes away, at which time the Dertemouth men toke them to Fowye, and toke away the great chaine that was made to be drawn over to the haven from towre to towre". This humiliating experience ended Fowey's naval power. But through the wine trade, the port flourished till the fall of Bordeaux in 1451 and the concentration (for fiscal reasons) of overseas commerce on the ever-growing Port of London.

Brief entries in the Annual Register give an inkling of what went on during the 'depressed' years of this picturesque Cornish port. In the early 18th century for instance:

"Letters from Fowey state the arrival of the *Lord Middleton*, richly laden with cocoa, indigo, coffee, quicksilver, valued at £45,000, taken by the *Maria*, privateer, of this port."

Many an enterprising Fowey ship-builder turned out a smart privateer on which the Cornish gentry sailed the high seas. Piracy and smuggling was in their blood, rich and poor alike. They could not be stopped.

From the middle of the 18th century, then, till well on into the 19th, the history of the ancient port of Fowey is concerned with the romantic trade of smuggling. Unfortunately, during the 1880s, two representatives from Her Majesty's Customs Department in London descended on Fowey's historic little Customs House, beside the Post Office, and

burnt a vast number of valuable papers and records. One important book was saved: the Oath Book in which every member of the Customs' staff has to swear allegiance to the Crown. The earliest entry is dated

"Jan. 3, 1681. This Port of fflowy.

Item. I, Chas Polkinhorne of Helston in the County of Cornwall do sware that I will be faithfull and just to his Majty in the execution of the Trust in me reposed as Commander of the Fowye Smack on the account of ye Customs. So Help me God. Charles, Cha. Polkinhorne. Sworn before us This 22nd of March.

Wm. Toller D: Compt."

A century later, Lieutenant Gabriel Bray of the 'Impress Service' in command of the Revenue Cutter *Hinde* (160 tons, 16 guns and 24 men) captured the famous smuggling vessel *Lottery* of Polperro after a gruelling fourteen hours' chase. The crew of this notorious ship had been 'wanted' for some time in connection with the murder of a Revenue Officer in December 1798. The *Lottery* affair created great public excitement and an account of the whole matter can be found in Mr Jonathan Couch's *History of Polperro*. Other fascinating material in Fowey's Oaths of Admission Book deals with the notorious Cornish smuggler Richard Kingcup who actually joined the Coastguard in 1824 and served at the Polruan station till 1828 when he discovered his true vocation and turned professional smuggler at the same time as he kept the Crown and Anchor on Fowey quayside. No-one can say how many 'tubs' Kingcup ran into Fowey harbour. Right up till June 1850 come illuminating references to his activities in records of the Preventive service with such cryptic remarks as: "Is somewhere in the Fowey district. To be strictly watched" (July 1848).

The Customs House at Poole Harbour is a very charming red-brick Georgian building, rebuilt at the same time as the Guildhall which it much resembles, having a similar pair of circular stone steps leading up to a porticoed doorway, and ornamented with a pediment. It stands at the east end of the Great Quay. Immediately before it rises a curious cruciform wooden object on which is mounted a small plaque with the following inscription:

"This Town Beam, repaired Anno Domini 1947, stands on the site of much earlier structures all used for a similar purpose. Note the eye-bolt terminals which carried the Steelyards. The following extract from

the Corporation Records A.D. 1579 explains its use:

"The Baylye or hys deputye shall receive of every Straunger or florinor havinge goodes and marchandyzes to be wayed for the poysadge or weighinge the same at the Town Beame appointed for that purpose, one halfpennye shal be the whole dutye as well for the beame as for the porters and labor for the puttinge in and takinge owte'."

How many curious scenes of stubborn argument and quarrel between suave English Customs officials trying to circumvent foreign, slippery customers this ancient beam must have witnessed, while out beyond on the flowing tide, brimming into every twisting inlet and hidden creek of lovely Poole Harbour, her smuggling inhabitants pursued their 'free-trade', as always under the direct eye of the Law.

Since time immemorial, Poole Harbour has been a port of assembly and departure like Dartmouth and Fowey. In the 18th century, too, it was a hotbed of illicit traffic in spirits and tobacco—in anything contraband in fact. Smuggling flourished to such an extent at Poole that a petition was made by the Mayor to the House of Commons on December 17, 1720, setting forth "the great decay of their home manufactures by reason of the great quantities of goods run". A second petition followed in 1722 which made the Government act at last. For it showed how many outwardly respectable people had become involved in smuggling activities up and down the whole Dorset coast. They eluded the Preventive Officers who tried to catch them at every turn. Things came to such a pass that on October 7, 1747, there was an attack on the Customs House itself. It had been planned by angry smugglers merely to recapture some chests of confiscated tea; instead, two officials called Gally and Chater were murdered in the affray. On information received from a member of this gang who turned King's evidence, two men were tried at Chichester in January of the New Year and executed.

In 1790, the staff at Poole Customs House consisted of a Collector, three Officers, a Searcher and a Controller. The sum of £13,747 was collected in customs dues. This proved to be a high-watermark for by December 31, 1859, this sum had dwindled to a mere £6235. Poole had been declared a free port in 1810. Instead of 1200 articles being liable for duty there were only about a dozen listed. It simply did not pay to be a smuggler now.

Persia since Pahlevi

by A. C. EDWARDS

The foreigner often sees more clearly than they do themselves the things which are admirable in those among whom he has come. Mr Edwards, contrasting modern Persia with that of forty years ago, distinguishes superficial from fundamental changes in relation to Persian life and character

IN the March number of this Magazine I recorded some impressions of the Persian scene of forty years ago—a scene which had endured, with few material changes, for many generations. That already remote, exotic and (to the foreigner) diverting era ended abruptly with the appearance on the political stage of an ex-trooper of the so-called Persian Cossack Brigade. The impact of that dynamic personality upon a somnolent Persia produced startling consequences: every old activity was recast and reinvigorated; and a hundred new ones—of a kind hitherto regarded, even by the Persians, as outside their orbit—were set in train. He awakened in the lettered few an awareness of their country's past and its actual invalidities; and he applied them to the heavy task of making good its lost centuries.

It was a British general (of all persons) who set the ex-trooper, Reza Khan, upon the road to fortune. Perhaps, but for that chance promotion, he might have died a sergeant-major.

The year was 1920. The Bolsheviks had landed at the Caspian port of Enzeli (now Pahlevi) and were threatening to march on Tehran. A small British force under General Ironside's command was still in Persia, two years after the end of World War I; and the distracted Persian Government appealed to him to protect the capital. In response to Ironside's enquiry, the government admitted that they had no troops except the Cossack Brigade, whose Russian officers had disappeared. They feared that discipline had broken down in the Brigade; but they offered it, such as it was, to Ironside.

The General sent his Chief-of-Staff to Tehran to inspect the force. He reported that the troopers were a husky set of fellows, but were without officers. He had, however, been impressed by the intelligence and soldierly bearing of one Reza Khan.

"We'll send for him", said Ironside.

Within a month Reza Khan was commanding the Brigade. Within a year (February 1921) he had moved it overnight—with British connivance—from Kazvin to the

capital; and in conjunction with one Sayyid Zia-ed-Din, an able journalist (who is still a power in Tehran) he had arrested the ministers before breakfast and proclaimed a new government, with Zia-ed-Din as Prime Minister and himself as Minister of War. Within two years he had quarrelled with his colleague (who fled the country) and had assumed the premiership. Two years later, after a formal non-acquiescence, he accepted from parliament the throne of Persia. Thus Reza Khan, ex-trooper, became Reza Shah Pahlevi.

When Minister of War he had made no bones about his humble origin. Responding to a toast at a legation dinner, he reminded the guests that he had at one time mounted guard at the gate of that very legation. But after reaching the throne he wisely furbished his escutcheon: it was then revealed that he was descended from an old military family, renowned in Mazanderan.

Unlike his famous contemporary, Kemal Atatürk, who was a *diplômé* of the noted Turkish Military Academy, the ex-trooper was untutored. But he possessed the zeal of the reformer, the imagination which originates great projects, and the sagacity and indefatigation which carries them through. Thus his assumption of power in 1921 was followed by intense activity in every field. It continued, with increasing tempo, for the next twenty years.

Aware that his authority could only be upheld by military power, he had wisely reserved for himself, after the *coup d'état*, the Ministry of War. With surprising speed he built up, out of ragged remnants of infantry, *gendarmes* and road guards, a reasonably well-equipped bayonet army. He created, too, a smart and well-paid corps of officers, on whose loyalty he could depend. As a soldier he knew that without communications his army would be of little value; soon, therefore, trunk-roads began to radiate from the capital in all directions.

With these two instruments—the army and the roads—he re-established the authority of the central government over the turbulent



Associated Press

Reza Shah Pahlevi, a man of humble origin, was one of those forceful characters who alter their country's fortunes. He found Persia divided, weak and somnolent; he left it united, respected and full of fresh vigour. The instrument of his rise to power was the thing he, a soldier, best understood: the army, one which he himself had to create. (Above) Officer-cadets of the new army at the Iran Military Academy. (Right) Reza Shah with his son and some of his Ministers shortly after he ascended the throne of Persia. (Opposite) Reza revived interest in Persia's heritage by restoring national monuments. The renovated tomb of Omar Khayyam near Nishapur beside the shrine of Mohammed Mahrug



Sir Percy Loraine, Bart.

tribes, where, for generations, it had ceased to function. His treatment of the marauding Turkomans was typical of the man: he built a highway into their steppe; and then sent in an army which mercilessly walloped them. When that was over he ordered them to hold their annual race-meeting as if nothing had happened, and drove all the way from Tehran to witness it—to their great delight.

One of his earliest innovations was an attempt to Westernize the costumes of the people. This reform—however unfortunate it may seem to those who regret the disappearance, in a dreary world, of the varied and the picturesque—possessed a certain psychological significance. For these outward distinctions marked the Persians as a peculiar people—who, for that reason, sometimes aroused irritation in the West. The reform has not everywhere withstood the test of time. The long gaberdine of neutral shade and the pear-shaped hat, the black frock-coat with its clerical collar and the pill-box cap which went with it have probably gone for ever. But the stately white turban has reappeared in East Persia; and in the provinces the women once again conceal their comely features behind their long black shawls.

In a land where the towns have been allowed to grow, down the centuries, huddled and amorphous, he was an inveterate planner. He employed a German urbanist to draw schemes for Tehran and the larger cities. But for the lesser towns he applied a more direct technique: the local governor was ordered to cut a broad avenue across the middle of the town, with another at right angles to it; and at the intersection, to build a square. The plan possessed the merit of simplicity; it was understood and accepted. The rather dismal towns of Persia were opened up and brightened; and for the first time the inhabitants could be seen sauntering happily up and down their avenues and shopping at their ease.

But he did more for them than that: every town in Persia possesses admirable mosques or colleges or shrines—perhaps a palace or a bridge. But they had been neglected and were falling into wrack. He caused the monuments to be catalogued, surveyed and,



Dr Laurence Lockhart

one by one, restored. The inhabitants, who had been oblivious of their significance, became aware of the richness of this heritage. Thus Isfahan—tottering, down-at-the-heel—became once again one of the world's proud cities; and the Shrine at Meshed became worthy, once again, of the devotion of its many thousand pilgrims.

His most spectacular achievements were centred in Tehran. The Qajars had left it a colourless, unprepossessing capital, lacking even the charm of many Eastern cities. Under their weak governments it had never possessed much political significance; and commercially it was far less important than Tabriz. Reza Shah changed all that. True to his type of Oriental despot he determined to exalt and modernize his capital. Its earthen ramparts and tiled gates were levelled. Great sums were expended on avenues and on impressive public buildings to house the reformed and extended departments of state—the building which housed the Police Department being noticeably the largest.



P. H. I. Beckett



Associated Press

Reza's reforms hardly touched the basic problem of Persia: that of the landless and poverty-stricken peasants in their villages scattered, where water can be drawn from the mountain-roots, among the "dolorous spaces" of the arid plateau. But great improvements were effected in the towns, especially (left) Tehran, to which avenues lined with modern governmental and commercial buildings now lend the external appearance of a Western capital. Under Reza's impulsion its population more than doubled



Dr Laurence Lockhart

New industries were also founded in the major cities, which were linked by a network of new, or reconstructed, trunk-roads. (Above) The "Vatan" spinning-mill at Isfahan, decorated in honour of the Shah's visit. (Below) A gang smoothing out the loose gravel surface which has been devised to suit the climate

J. C. A. Johnson, from Paul Popper



New industries were founded and developed: and in the south-eastern quarter of the city tall chimneys began to pierce, incongruously, the cloudless blue. There, too, was planned the Trans-Iranian railway, 860 miles from sea to sea, across inhospitable uplands. All these activities were centred in the capital; so that no person of consequence—whether merchant, banker, lawyer, contractor or member of one of the great families—could carry on his affairs without a seat in Tehran. Its population more than doubled and it became less of an Oriental city than ever.

Perhaps his notable achievement was in the domain of foreign politics: soon after his accession to power he was able successfully to denounce the special privileges which had been enjoyed by foreigners in Persia, under a century-old outmoded treaty; and to put an end to a dishonourable period of semi-domination by two powerful neighbours, Russia and Britain, who could mark out spheres of special interest for themselves within her territory by drawing lines across it with a ruler. For the first time in many generations Persia began to enjoy the consideration and respect of foreign countries.

Nevertheless the catalogue of his reforms, impressive though it was, possessed an unreal, if not indeed a pretentious character; because Persia's basic problem—the problem of the ignorant, landless and poverty-stricken peasants—was hardly touched. Huge areas of arid but fertile soil remained parched and desolate. The contrast between these dolorous spaces and Tehran—with its asphalted, tree-lined avenues flanked by imposing buildings, its multitude of shops, its smart white-gloved policemen, its hundreds of sleek American cars, its teeming, anxious population—was flagrant and distressing. The peasants, who formed four-fifths of the population, were forgotten.

The corrupting nature of power was never more clearly manifested than in the career of Reza Shah Pahlevi. He should have died five years before he abdicated. For that last period of his reign was distained with acts of cruelty and greed beyond the measure which may be conceded to any monarch. In the early years of his dictatorship he had possessed a certain *bonhomie* which made life tolerable for his overburdened ministers. But in the latter years they went about their duties in terror of their lives; to such a point that the most distinguished among them could not stand the strain and committed suicide.

It has been contended, in his defence, that most of his victims deserved their fate; and

that few revolutions have been less bloody than that which he effected. His avarice, too, has been extenuated on the grounds that wealth in an Oriental monarch is a necessary complement of power; and that the landlords whom he dispossessed in acquiring it were, in every case, bad landlords. If so, the proprietors of the best estates in his native province of Mazanderan must have been uniformly wicked.

Reza Shah abdicated in 1941 when the Allied armies invaded his country. He was taken to Mauritius and thence to South Africa, where he died in 1943. His people, distracted by the turmoil of war, had almost forgotten his existence. But when the Allied armies were withdrawn, they began to think again. Today his renown (except among the adherents of the Tudeh party) is outside controversy in Persia. For his achievements are patent for all men to see, whereas the hatreds engendered by his tyranny are forgotten. He is regarded, indeed, as the greatest Persian sovereign since that almost legendary figure, Shah Abbas I. The Persian parliament recently conferred upon him the honorific "Great".

In attempting to assess the present state of Persia it should be borne in mind that the people have been governed for many centuries by somnolent, semi-benevolent or cruel autocracies, followed by the dynamic tyranny of Reza Shah; and that this last tyranny was followed in turn by the dictatorship of the Occupation forces. It is true that a Constitution, wrung from a reluctant Shah by the reformers of whom thousands took sanctuary in the British Legation in 1906, had established the forms of parliamentary government; but even that was abrogated by the Shah's successor. A period of civil war ensued; until the new Shah was forced to abdicate and the forms of parliamentary government were restored. But the parliament was packed by a group of landlords and merchants who ran the country in their own interests.

Persia's leaders, therefore, have had a bare four years in which to initiate democratic reforms in a community with little experience of democracy. Yet—in that short time—the urban literates at least have shown a real interest in reform, an undoubted attachment to their Constitution and a determination to preserve it.

Today, at the head of the state, stands Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi, who succeeded to the throne on the abdication of his father. I am indebted to a Persian friend, who has on many occasions conversed with his sovereign, for some impressions of the man.

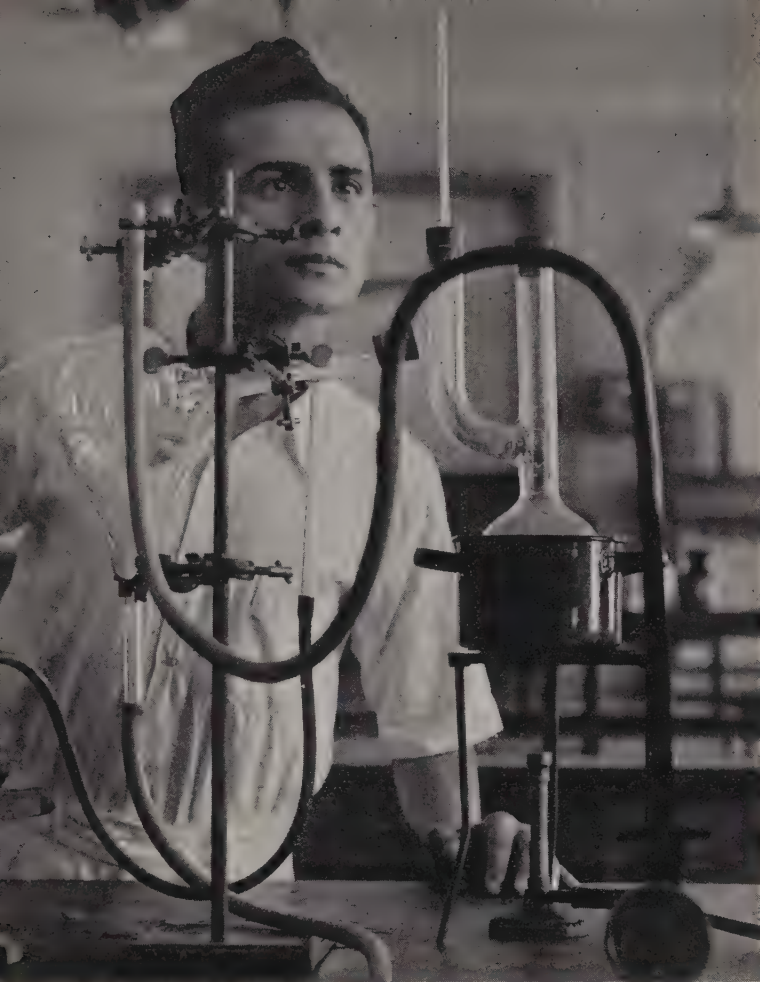
Mohammed Reza Shah, educated in Switzerland, has faced with courage and generosity the hard task of social reform that he inherited. Will he be able to direct into constructive channels the rising flood of nationalism and democracy, seeking both to expel all foreign economic (and political) influence and to break the power of an established oligarchy? (Right) The Shah and his bride at their wedding ceremony in February 1951. (Below) A crowd assembled outside the Majlis (parliament) building in Terhan to demonstrate in favour of a bill to nationalize the local installations of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company



Keystone Press



International News Photos



by courtesy of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Ltd

The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has contributed notably to Persia's economic progress; not least in the field of education, by providing facilities for both advanced and elementary training for many thousands of young Persians. (Left) A student at the Technical Institute which it maintains in Abadan

"The Shah", said my friend, "is a young man of engaging personality: intelligent, active, generous and brave. He has inherited some of his father's drive, without his autocratic bearing. I believe that he is genuinely attached to the democratic parliamentary system, an attachment which may be due in part to his Swiss education. So far, he has resisted pressure—and at times a good deal of pressure was brought to bear on him—to assume extra-constitutional powers. Unless the country is faced with war or revolution I believe that he will continue to reject such counsels and to reign as a constitutional monarch. He is, in my opinion, a wise and able ruler of his people."

That he is genuinely concerned with their welfare there can be little doubt. He is continually urging upon parliament the necessity of introducing measures of social reform, of combating corruption and raising the standard of living of the lower sections of the population. On two occasions he has announced his desire for a comprehensive

measure of land-reform—to compel the breaking up of the great estates and the distribution of the land among the peasantry. In January of this year he set an example by ordering the sale to peasants, on extremely favourable terms, of all the Crown lands he inherited from his father. The revenues from these lands, which include about 800 villages, amount to more than £500,000 a year: both they and the proceeds of sale will in future be used for the benefit of the peasants. Unhappily, the great landlords have failed to follow this example or to realize that Persia's fundamental problem is the problem of the landless peasant—a problem which will be solved, either by process of law or by revolution. It is, indeed, the spearhead of the Communist attack.

The first elections under the new regime were dubiously conducted. This, under the circumstances, was almost inevitable. But the saner elements in parliament and the press protested against the improprieties of the ballot; with the result that the election of 1950 was conducted (after some early hitches) without serious irregularities. Today the recognized parties are fairly represented in parliament. The parliamentary opposition, though small in numbers, is active and intransigent. The real opposition, however, is the banned Tudeh party which is strongly tinged with Russian Communism and works underground. It can hardly be kept there indefinitely. Signs of its recrudescence are, indeed, not lacking.

The party made its appearance shortly after the abdication of Reza Shah. Among its founders were several men who had been imprisoned by that inexorable monarch. The leaders, realizing from the outset that they were weak, sought to gain power; and power, in Persia, only too often meant the

support of the British or Russian embassy. No doubt the leaders of this new party of the Left felt more at home in a Soviet atmosphere.

Like most parties of the Left, Tudeh is divided. On the one hand are the extremists who accept the Marxian ideology and take their cue from Moscow. They are mostly young men: enthusiastic, wordy and generally half-baked. On account of their Russian proclivities these men have made the Tudeh party suspect by the liberal intellectuals. Had it not been for this mistake, the party would probably have swept the country.

I had occasion to meet and converse with one of the provincial Left-wing leaders, who, I think, fairly represents the type. He was a dark, handsome young man of about twenty-five; active, arrogant and voluble. He lacked all traces of that affability and courtesy which are among the most engaging qualities of his race. I had to listen for half an hour—with as much forbearance as I could muster—to a farrago of Marxian slogans and Communist *clichés*, obviously his stock-in-trade. He assured me of the solidarity of Persian with British labour and expressed contempt for the British lords who were grinding down the faces of the poor. I ventured to suggest that he had got hold of the wrong story: that in England it was the faces of lords which were being ground down. But the remark failed to register. The next day he and four of his associates were arrested for fomenting disturbances and were carried off by car to Tehran, 700 miles away.

I count among my Persian friends an intellectual who had also identified himself with the Tudeh movement. He belongs to the other, the moderate section of the party. He comes from a well-to-do family. His father sent him to school in Poona, where he learnt English, which he speaks remarkably well. He then went to Berlin to study medicine; spent eight years in Europe; and returned to practise in Kerman.

Like so many intellectuals (not only in Persia) he was drawn into Left-wing politics through association with poverty, suffering and disease. What he told me about conditions in Kerman would have been true of most cities; with the difference that in Kerman it was true of three-quarters of the population. He continued, therefore, to pester the authorities for beds, drugs and equipment; until, to get rid of him, they packed him off to Meshed and told him to practise there. He decided then that there was no hope for Persia under the existing order, so he joined

the Tudeh party. For him its political or economic theories were without significance. For him it meant the overthrow of blind authority, and afterwards—beds, drugs and equipment. I suspect that many members of the party have found their way into it, like my friend, through bitterness and frustration. These are patriotic persons who are no more pro-Russian than they are pro-British. They stand for an independent democratic Persia, with a government dedicated to the welfare of the common people.

In a thinly populated country of the size of Persia (which is as large as Germany, France and Italy together) communications are of first importance: for without roads and railways, famine and a food surplus may co-exist; and the scattered centres of population must remain isolated, stagnant and depressed.

In this respect the new Persia is incomparably better off than the old. As has been noted, the foundation of the road system was laid by Reza Shah; and it was afterwards improved and extended by the Allies during the war. Today seven trunk-roads radiate from the capital in as many directions; and these are connected at various points by roads of lesser importance. Two of the trunk-roads were asphalted by the Allies; and the Persians proposed, under their new Seven-Year Plan, to asphalt the remainder. For asphalt is a residue from the oil refinery at Abadan and is plentiful in Persia.

The non-asphalted trunk-roads are, on the whole, quite good. Ordinary macadam has been a failure in Persia. The icy winters and the short but tempestuous rainy season, followed by many months of burning heat, break up the surface; for there is not enough moisture in the air to bind it. The Persians, with their traditional technique of trial and error, have devised a method of surfacing their roads which works surprisingly well: they cover the macadam with two inches of loose gravel. This does not bind; but when it is cut up by the traffic, gangs of men with spades and rakes smooth it out again. Cars can run over this unusual surface at fifty miles an hour without difficulty.

Many thousands of Persian villages—formerly inaccessible except on foot or horse-back—are now linked up with the trunk system by rough but serviceable earth tracks. These are the old horse-tracks widened and levelled by the villagers under the direction of their local Khans, so that grain could be moved by lorry to the towns.

Aircraft from half-a-dozen countries now



by Laurence Lockhart

Good taste and a sense of design are a precious legacy from Persia's past. (Above) The Chehel Sutun or "Forty Columns", part of a 17th-century palace in Isfahan: much of its architectural distinction is reflected by (below) the Hunaristan (Art Museum and Art School), a modern Persian building in the same city

by Laurence Lockhart



alight on an airfield outside Tehran; and the principal interior towns are linked—not too perilously—by an internal air service.

Besides the great Trans-Iranian railway which has been mentioned, three more lines are being built: Tehran-Tabriz, which will link up with the Russian system; Tehran-Meshed, where trains are already running as far as Shahrud; and Tehran-Kerman. This last line bifurcates from the Trans-Iranian at Qum and has already reached Kashan. The government plan to carry it on to Chahbar bay on the Indian Ocean, where there is a natural harbour.

A surprising number of motor-buses ply, with tolerable regularity, over the new roads. You can travel by them from one end of Persia to the other. Their home-made bodies lack the elegance of Western coaches; but they offer, to the unfastidious, a cheap and entertaining mode of progress. On such a journey the traveller will find his fellow-passengers merry, informative and polite. He will gain acquaintance with lowly roadside tea-houses and melancholy, mud-brown villages, sometimes graced with poplars. And from time to time he will view with delight above the horizon a mirage of fairy lakes and purple islands—never, alas, to be fathomed or surveyed.

Before setting out on my journey I had written to a friend in Kashan to crave his hospitality on my way through. He had replied, with that cordiality which is one of the most engaging qualities of the Persians, that his house was mine.

When at last we were seated at ease in his sumptuously carpeted room, sipping sweet, golden tea from little glasses, I enquired from my host how things were going in his native town and solicited his views upon the present state of Persia.

Persians are fond of answering questions with a parable or story, leaving to the enquirer the task of applying the moral. Thus a point of view is indicated, without the hazard of stating an opinion.

"During my boyhood", began my friend, "we resided in Tabriz. My father, who was a person of liberal views, sent me to the French Mission school, where I acquired a knowledge of the French language." He pointed with pride to a small

shelf of foreign books. I glanced at some of the titles, half expecting to find a collection of Paphian novels. But to my surprise I found that they were books on socialism, of a somewhat elementary character.

"You are surprised", said my friend, "that a merchant of Kashan should possess books which advocate or foretell the breakdown of capitalism and its replacement by an economic system which their authors believe to be more logical. I owe my interest in this subject to one of my teachers, a Lazarite priest of the Mission school. They knew everything, those priests! The books, you observe; show signs of ill-usage. That is because they were buried for six years—the last six years of the reign of Reza Shah—under the floor of this room. Our town, during that period, was full of spies and informers. Men were thrown into prison for no reason at all. I was afraid because of my books; so I buried them. But now—now they are on their shelves again!"

I thought: this, surely, is the fundamental change. The wind of freedom has begun to blow across Persia. There is no more need to bury books. Opinions may be openly expressed. Criticism is untrammelled. Back in Tehran, parliament, for the first time, is bullying the executive. There is no more fear.

Parliament has recently passed the Seven-Year Plan, the fulfilment of which may prove to be hardly less important for the future of Persia than a measure of land-reform. The



A. J. Thornton

plan provides for an expenditure, over seven years, of about £150,000,000 for the development of agriculture, irrigation, industry, mines, oil, public utilities and the social services; and for the construction of railways, ports, roads and airfields. £150,000,000 is a formidable, but by no means an impossible, sum for Persia to raise. It is proposed to finance the scheme by loans from American banks, increased royalties from the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, loans from Iranian banks, and private investment. The increased royalties which the Oil Company has offered, under a supplementary agreement, to pay the Persian Government would alone cover a large part of the proposed yearly expenditure. (A separate article would be required even to indicate the problems raised by the Persian parliament's lately-declared intention to 'nationalize' the properties developed by the Company: I can only say here that in killing this beneficent goose of Western enterprise the Persians would risk destroying the golden eggs from which reform could be hatched.)

That Persia should have embarked upon such a vast undertaking is of itself an indication of the spirit which is animating the country. Coupled with a sound scheme of land-distribution the plan would offer a potent alternative to Communism—that dark flood which has more than once threatened to engulf the country. This ever-present threat is far more dangerous to the freedom and stability of Persia than the skilled and efficient development of her oil resources by a foreign Company. Yet it was the latter enterprise and not the threat of Communism which has recently aroused hysterical outbursts in parliament and the press. Which goes to show that peoples are more deeply stirred by national pride than by hard facts and sober realism.

Thus, a fresh start has been made in the heavy task of bringing Persia into line with her sister nations. All things considered, it has been a commendable effort. A bi-cameral parliament with an executive responsible to it is functioning in Tehran; an administrative system is slowly being built up; and plans have been laid for the further development of the country's natural resources. Yet, however bright the façade, the edifice rests on insecure foundations: for nothing has yet been done to bridge the perilous and sombre gap which separates the urban literates from the landless, poverty-stricken peasants. The pillars of that bridge are two: education and land-reform. The first is a formidable, long-term problem, as we, who left India largely illiter-

ate after 150 years of effort, know full well. But a measure of land-distribution could be launched immediately (as it was in Turkey, in 1949). In spite of the Shah's action no such measure has yet appeared on the programme of any Persian government. Indeed, the observer gains the impression from the debates in parliament and from the columns of the press that the leaders of articulate Persian opinion are almost unaware that their country is a peasant state; and that its future stability must depend, first of all, on a prosperous and contented peasant population.

Down the centuries the Persian peasant never gave a thought to his lot. It was accepted, as cold was accepted in winter and heat in summer. Now, for the first time in his long and dismal history attempts are being made by a powerful, though proscribed, Left-wing party backed by Russian propaganda to make him aware of his misfortunes and even of his power. Thus the homage due to the Persian people for their undoubted achievements in such a short and troubled period is tinged with some anxiety for their future.

With that anxiety is coupled, for the sympathetic observer who can recall the Persia of forty years ago, a feeling of regret. For to him it appears that the impact of Western ideas has tended to bedim some of those endearing qualities which the Persians then possessed—qualities which marked them, in spite of their penury of Western gadgets, as a truly civilized community: their reasonableness and attachment to compromise; their quick wit, ingenuity and discernment; their esteem for their classic writers; their taste and supreme sense of design; their tolerance and humour; above all their tact, refinement and good manners. Too many, alas, of these admirable traits appear to have succumbed to the blare of the radio; to the craze for the latest model from Detroit; to the opiate of cocktail bars and syncopated rhythms; to the glamour of Hollywood stars and Western fashions; to the fatal lure of the machine. We of the West may indeed be disconcerted to discover in the Persian of today a sad reflection of ourselves in our more lamentable modes. And we may wonder if, on balance, they are much better off for their new trappings. Have they, we may ask, in their pursuit of the Western way of life been led astray by its more vulgar manifestations? Have they lost, in that pursuit, mettle of high value which we so often seek, but rarely now discover?

London's Londoners

by H. DENNIS JONES

In our Maynumber Mr Jones analysed from a 'bricks-and-mortar' standpoint the many totally different Londons which present themselves to the perceptive observer. He now gives a corresponding analysis (supported by his own photographs) of the distinctions, proclaimed by variations of dress, which separate the inhabitants of these districts that are almost 'countries'.

(Right) June Mitchell at her stall in Whitechapel High Street. Acutely observant like most East-Enders she proved a mine of information about her fellow-Londoners and had many pungent comments to make on them



WANDERING down Whitechapel High Street into Aldgate one day last year, I got into conversation with a young woman who was selling jellied eels from a fish stall. "If you're interested in Londoners", she said, "You ought to stand here day after day and watch them streaming by. Practically all of them are strangers. And yet, you know, I often feel I can tell just what each of them does for a living and sometimes even what sort of life he leads merely by looking at his clothes. I mean, they all sort of dress in groups, don't they?"

The more I thought about the remarks made by this young woman—her name, I discovered later, was June Mitchell, her age seventeen, and the stall a family business—the more I realized that an extraordinary addiction to group uniformity, especially in clothes, is, in fact, the Londoner's outstanding characteristic.

For men the divisions correspond mainly to occupations. Thus, the barrister, the commercial traveller, the artist, the City man, the clerk, the senior Civil Servant and many other

categories are readily distinguishable. Sometimes, as with Guards officers in civilian clothes—always the bowler set squarely on the head, a double-breasted suit of unmistakable cut and a carefully rolled umbrella—the uniform is plain and obvious. But sometimes the difference, though clear to the eye, is too slight for verbal definition. A case in point is the particular shade of elegance traditionally associated with the Foreign Office. Minute or obvious, however, these variations in dress extend throughout London's male community. Even among the dwindling class of old-fashioned men who prefer mufflers (plain or coloured) to collars and ties there is no difficulty in distinguishing such types as the 'totter' (rag-and-bone-man), the labourer and the artisan.

For women, on the other hand, distinctions in dress correspond mainly to social class, and much wider personal variations are permitted within each section's established type of dress. Nevertheless one can usually distinguish the factory girl, the shopgirl, the office

worker, the suburban housewife, various sorts of upper-middle-class Kensingtonian (the oddest being those who wear clothes of an expensiveness equalled only by their dowdiness) and so on.

Class differences may also make small modifications in men's clothes, even in those of men in the same occupation. But for some categories of younger Londoners Miss Mitchell was able to produce examples of purely regional variations in dress. "Take those from Aldgate, the Elephant, and West Kensington", she said. "I meet them all together at the Hammersmith Palais de Danse; I go there almost every Monday night. Now the Aldgate boys are the smartest and set the pace in clothes for the rest. They wear modern 'drape' suits, but not flashy at all. Some cost as much as forty or fifty guineas—and the boys work hard to get the money. Those from the Elephant are smart, too, but much flashier, while the West Ken fellows are totally different. The cut of their jackets, their shoes, and even their hair-styles—all smarmed down and no fancy cuts—makes them stand out. As for the women, well, the Elephant girls mostly prefer 'drape' costumes, berets and bright shoes, and often carry big handbags. Those from West Ken are smart—in a sort of way—but it's the smartness of clothes five years out of date."

Games and recreations, too, including such unspecialized activities as country walking, have their specialized outfits. Even the 'sportswear' in which you must travel to the scene of your athletic labours is closely defined. In fact, the more one thinks about Londoners' clothes the more one realizes that their varieties and sub-divisions of civilian uniform are almost inexhaustible.

Everyone in London recognizes these uniforms. When a newspaper wanted recently to describe a group of our aristocracy and gentry it called them simply "the sort of men who carry rolled umbrellas". The better London tailors each make clothes of a cut suitable for men of only one class or occupation, and many of the women's shops and big stores cater only for women of some definite category. In both cases the assistants can tell at a glance whether a customer belongs to 'their' class or not. Miss Mitchell tells an amusing story of how she went into a shop where the assistant apparently decided that she did not 'belong' and promptly snubbed her. The humour of the tale lies in the forthright telling-off Miss Mitchell gave the girl.

Times are changing, of course. In five years the centre of fashion for the boys whom

Miss Mitchell meets at the Hammersmith Palais has shifted from Tottenham Court Road to "Petticoat Lane". City men are no longer obliged to carry umbrellas to work—not even unrolled ones. Members of the Foreign Office appear publicly in tweeds, and I have even seen men going into the Guards' Club with every appearance of being members yet wearing soft hats and single-breasted suits.

This does not mean, however, that the complicated system of uniforms is breaking down; it is just part of the perpetual flux of things. And the really astonishing fact is that even though the uniforms of every caste and category are constantly changing each not only retains to the full its distinctive and visible separateness, it also manages to impose complete obedience on its members. Even the subtler distinctions are rigidly adhered to and sometimes cause strange conflicts of loyalty. Last year, for instance, a friend of mine left a job where he had been in the habit of wearing a bowler hat to the office every day and joined the staff of a popular illustrated weekly paper. He realized immediately that a hat of any kind was unthinkable in his new job. But he liked to lunch at a sedate club where he would not have dared appear hatless. What was to be done? In the end he very soon left his new job, not because of the hat, but because it obviously was no place for the sort of man who wears a hat.

If anyone has been wondering why Londoners should be so addicted to uniformity in their clothes, this story supplies the answer. The clothes are not merely a sign of one's occupation, address, or social class; they are equally an indication of one's tastes, habits, ambitions—of one's whole outlook, in fact. For one can classify Londoners by their social habits as much as by their clothes, and the two can even be matched with considerable precision. The classes, for example, who shrink with horror from the very idea of carrying their supper home from the fish-and-chip shop in a newspaper inevitably dress very differently from those who habitually do so. Miss Mitchell, too, distinguishes the boys from the Elephant as much by their 'flashy' behaviour as by their clothes. And to say that a man wears the respectably sedate suits, hats and ties of the City worker is, in effect, the same as saying that he lives, with his wife, in a semi-detached house in the outer suburbs, has a small garden, the tiny lawn of which is his great pride; that he is desperately anxious that his children should achieve the cachet of a grammar-



All photographs by the author

London's Londoners are as diverse as the city itself, but they fit into their particular spaces like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle and the discerning observer can usually tell to which part of the puzzle each individual belongs. Representatives of the old-style Londoner, for instance, can be found scattered about the older residential districts: plain, simple, independent, often highly skilled and with a calm dignity all their own. This man abandoned his former life as a carter when engines replaced horses; now he is an expert furniture-repairer, with a special fondness for the Queen Anne period



Another clearly recognizable group of Londoners, the 'governors', converge on Whitehall to work. But the elusive variations of the many types of Civil Servant are not now so easily distinguishable as they were formerly. Members of the Foreign Office, for example, are no longer all equally elegant



The elegance displayed by the "female of the species" can be even more subtly distinctive than that of her male counterpart. Londoners of this kind often live near the parks, but an inhabitant (above) of St John's Wood can be distinguished by the observant from one who lives in Bayswater or Belgravia



A rambler waits at his suburban station for a Sunday-morning train to take him to join a party of friends for a day's energetic walking in the country. Most will probably be dressed as he is, for recreation has its uniforms no less than workaday life.

—but who would recognize our
rambler dressed in the clothes
required for the City, where
he is head of a department in
a large business organization?
He seems almost to have
changed his character with his
clothes—and indeed to some
extent he really has done so





Members of some professions often prefer to live in London's 'villages'. Professors, architects and the like take their Sunday-morning pint with their families and friends in such village pubs as the Hollybush, Hampstead, as part, almost, of a ritual—



—whereas dockers, in the public bar of the Freemasons' Arms in Canning Town, foregather any night after knocking-off time for their glass of beer. It is difficult to imagine these two groups of Londoners being able to converse with mutual comprehension



Young Londoners, particularly the boys of the East End, are bound by ritual too, expressed this time mostly in clothes, on which they spend much thought and money. The young man in "Petticoat Lane" is the acknowledged arbiter of the new dandyism, with his 'drape' jacket, silk scarf, exotic tie, gaberdine raincoat (its belt exactly hanging), narrow trousers and fancy crêpe-soled shoes. Not everyone's taste, perhaps, yet it is taste of a kind and no more ridiculous than that of the dandies of other ages or in other parts of London. Clearly the spirit of independence traditional in the pre-industrial-age districts of London (the spirit which has preserved the 'pearlies' and van-horse parades of the costers) is by no means dead

school (if he cannot afford a 'public school'); that he owns, or would like to own, a small car, and is a member of his local 'tennis and social' club or golf club. In the same way, one knows that Miss Mitchell's friends in their 'American-drape' jackets, bright ties and all the rest of the 'new dandyism' uniform live either in the old residential districts (East End, Elephant and so on) or in certain pre-1914 suburbs, such as Paddington. They probably spend their evenings at the cinema, or at snack bars or coffee stalls, in dance halls or billiard saloons, at a dog-racing track or possibly a boxing match. The suburban man's clothes, his house, garden, tennis club and so on appeal to them no more than they do to the Hampstead intellectual, the expensively dowdy woman from Kensington, the docker from Bermondsey, or the coster from Wandsworth, all of whom have their own habits and their own ambitions.

And just as each group varies from the rest in clothes and ideals, so each is distinguishable by its speech. Accent, in London, is your infallible guide to a man's social class, possession of the so-called 'educated' accent being the main hallmark of 'superiority'. The subdivisions of 'educated' speech correspond wholly to differences of social class. But the London accents proper vary according to districts. True Cockney, for example, the speech of the area within sound of Bow Bells, is quite different from the accents of Camden Town, Brixton, or Shepherd's Bush. Pronunciation apart, it is also practically a separate form of the English language.

Other curious variants of 'normal' English are also found in London. Among certain classes (those, roughly speaking, who pronounce the word "café" as "caff" or "cafe") "two veg." means boiled potatoes and cabbage and *nothing else*. The first time a waitress said to me: "Will you have two veg. or chips and tomatoes with your chop?" I was flummoxed. But since then I have come across many such examples.

Now all the differences we have noted between the various segments and sections of London society would be of little importance if Londoners had not learned to place so vast a value on the ritual of wearing the right clothes, living at the right address, speaking with the right accent, and even using the right words as to judge their fellows entirely by these superficialities. Whether you are a business man, film-script writer, dustman, broadcaster, typist, coster or just a suburban housewife, your very first obligation is to conform to the appropriate rituals. If you do

not, you will be treated as an oddity, and an undesirable one at that, and either sneered at or looked down on according to whether your clothes, speech and so on are considered superior or inferior to the people you are dealing with. Your personal abilities will probably not even be considered.

This attitude has divided Londoners into curiously self-contained groups, each with its own loyalties. Intercourse, naturally, exists between groups of the same social level. Even so, the clothes, habits and ideals of, say, the architect mean little or nothing to the journalist, and the doctor and the business man are apt to have very few points even of social contact. And when the social gap widens, all possibility of mutual comprehension or even genuine human contact disappears. The 'inferior' classes believe firmly that all their 'superiors' live lives of utter indolence and luxury. I was lunching one day in a "caff" when the B.B.C.'s "Woman's Hour" came on the radio. "That muck!" said a dustman at the next table, almost snarling with contempt, "That's alright fer people wiv ten poun' a week wot 'as maids t' do everyfink for 'em". And the 'superior' people believe that everyone 'below' them is hopelessly uncouth. When I asked for a pass to the docks to photograph men working there a Port of London Authority official actually warned me that the dockers would beat me up if I tried to photograph them! In point of fact, both the dockers and the P.L.A. official were thoroughly human and thoroughly friendly. But it was clear they had never established contact with each other. How could they, since they dressed and spoke so differently, and were therefore such poles apart in each others' eyes?

Even institutions like Toynbee Hall, founded over fifty years ago for the specific purpose of enabling university men and East-Enders to meet (what a comment this is, incidentally, on the Londoners' lack of contact!) can do little to bridge these ridiculous gulfs. "I once met some people from the Toynbee drama group", Miss Mitchell told me. "But after a bit one of the boys said in a frightfully superior voice, 'Oh, you sell jellied eels, do you? We've never seen anything like that where we come from'. I'd never seen, or heard, anything like him where I come from. So I never went to Toynbee Hall."

To me these social cleavages seem tragically wasteful, for talent and good will are not confined to any one class. But how can they be used when their possessors cannot even talk to each other?



All photographs by the author

The quiet and beautiful Val di Canali in the San Martino Group of the Dolomites

Walking in the Dolomites

by C. DOUGLAS MILNER

Dolomite, a kind of limestone called after the French geologist who first identified it, gave their name to The Dolomites, to which a book published by Robert Hale this month under that title is devoted. The following extracts and illustrations from the book demonstrate the author's qualities as a guide to his subject (he has climbed in Britain and the Alps for over twenty years), his skill as a photographer and the attractions of a Dolomite tour even for the non-mountaineer

THE Dolomites are among the strangest and most beautiful rock peaks in the world. They are neither vast and high like the rock peaks among the Himalaya, the American Rockies, or even the Swiss Alps, nor are they so minute by world standards as the crags of the British hills. Few summits are more than 10,000 feet above sea level, yet often between a third and a half of that height is occupied by massive rock walls and towers with large areas of continuously vertical cliff. Their strangeness lies not only in their steepness or the many fantastic pinnacles among them,

but also in their colouring of golden yellow and grey, streaked and flecked at times with black and purple and red, with dazzling white scree slopes at their foot.

In parts they seem bare and desolate by comparison with the mossy and richly tinted crags of Britain; and their effect of ruined masonry, of having been thrown up almost crudely is, in its detail, less attractive than the sweeping sculptured lines of the granite peaks such as the Aiguilles of Chamonix.

Sometimes, in the glare of noonday, such eccentric creations can look less like moun-

tains than the residual bleached skeletons of mountains that long ago have died, ghostly and terrible in their arid silence. No streams run through the upper glens; there is no grass or tree growth; no sound is to be heard; and only the climber who loves both solitude and bare rock can be fully at ease among them.

But the dramatic lines of the outer bastions of a Dolomite fortress exist for all to enjoy, as they rise swiftly from the hillslopes above the green forests and the flowery Alpine meadows at their feet, to sparkle against the deep blue Italian skies. Above all they react to fine conditions of atmosphere and weather. They are a superb stage setting for the beauty that can be created by the light of dawn and sunset, by the march of a storm, by the wind-blown mists, and by the round of the seasons. A red sunrise can be as exquisite among these crags as upon any great ice peak. Then the roses bloom upon all of them and not merely, as the legend has it, on the Rosengarten, the rose garden of Laurin the Goblin King. As the storm-wrack shreds out among the pinacles, some of the mountain landscapes

revealed are incomparable in splendour.

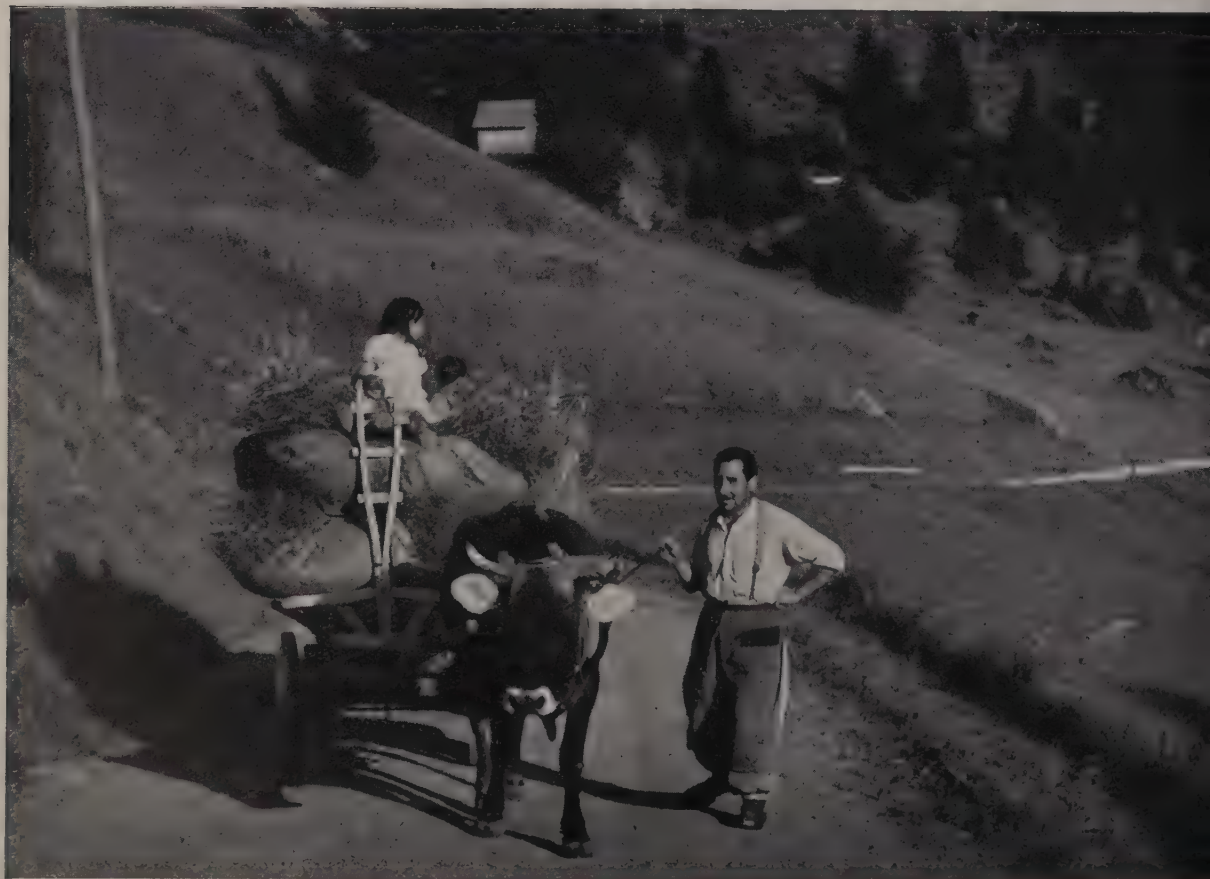
The Dolomites are a very small part indeed of the eastern limestone Alps, which in all are spread over an area as large as Switzerland, stretching from the shores of Lake Constance to the Raxalpe near Vienna in the east, from Bavaria in the north to the Julian Alps of Yugoslavia. All limestone is distinguished by its boldness of form. That can be seen even in Britain: at the Cheddar Gorge, the Winnats Pass and the Derbyshire Dales. It can be seen abroad in the high face of the Watzmann in Bavaria and in the ridges of the Jura. But dolomite is a special kind of limestone, containing magnesium as well as calcium, and is much harder and also more colourful than 'mountain' or carboniferous limestones. As a layman and not a geologist, I would say that it stands midway between limestone and marble, in its incipient translucence and the polish it can acquire. It is rarely seen in mountain crests and is more common as a quarry stone. Much of the beauty of Venice lies in the use of this magnesian limestone, whilst the one true,

Ortisei is the principal village of the Val Gardena, gateway to the Western Dolomites. On the right is the summit of the Langkofel (Sasso Lungo); left of it is the long plateau of the Sella





(Left) The road divides at the top of the Val Gardena, the left fork leading over the Passo Gardena to the Northern Dolomites, the right winding under the steep cliffs of the Sella Plateau to the Sella Pass. Attractive paths for walkers go through the pinewoods below the road from Wolkenstein to the Sella. (Below) Ladinian peasants often harness a cow to their small carts instead of a bullock or a horse. The Ladinians are among the oldest inhabitants of the Dolomites and speak a patois of their own which is one of the forms of Romansh, a separate language deriving from Latin though it is quite different from either Italian or French





(Above) *Val Lasties* from the *Zalei Alp*. The valley runs between the cliffs of the *Sella* (on the left) and the *Pordoi* (on the right) and leads to the plateau beyond, where an Alpine hut provides shelter for tourists in the southern part of this massif. (Right) *Val Rienza*, the deep valley from the *Drei Zinnen* to *Landro*, whose larch-clad slopes rise from the rocky riverbed. Beyond are the sunlit cliffs of the *Val di Rimbianco*, which is a good walking route to *Misurina*





The Brenta is perhaps the finest group of the Dolomites. The Tosa Hut (left) is well placed for enjoyment of the tremendous scenery of the Bocca di Brenta. (Opposite) The Bocca di Tuckett, from a neighbouring hut

criminating people, such as the late W. A. Baillie-Grohmann, deplored the spoliation of many of the more accessible parts by the excessive zeal of the *Deutscher und Oesterreichischer Alpenverein* and similar large-scale organizations in making club paths. In the south much was lost of remoteness by the construction of military roads as part of the Austrian defensive outworks, culminating in the Dolomitenstrasse (1907). But it was left to the Italians after the war to continue the process of road-making begun by the Austrians, also partly as military counter-defences, but with the added desire to promote *il turismo* in a motoring age.

For my own part, I do not think these roads are so great a misfortune as is sometimes assumed, certainly much less than one or two road projects in the Lake District would be, where the region is so much smaller. But if the Italians, in their preference for the ease and safety of road touring, have

if unrecognized, dolomite campanile in England is the tower of Big Ben, whose stone came from the Bolsover quarries in Derbyshire. In that county, at least, there is one tiny exposed rock-face of dolomite. At Brassington Rocks, those who have fallen under the spell of the Dolomites of the South Tyrol can lay their hands once again upon the rough rock, feel the grip of rubbers or *Kletterschuhe*, and for a little time recapture the thrills of those airy walls that soar into the sky.

* * * *

The palmy days of the Dolomites for travellers were probably at the turn of the century, and in the years before World War I. Germany and Austria were as prosperous as Britain and America, and between the four of them this great holiday ground was well used, especially in the Cortina district. Dis-

developed these highways, they have allowed (by casualness perhaps rather than by design) many of the more objectionable improvements in the mountain paths to fall into a decent decay, so that at the present time there is probably less to complain of than there was forty years ago. Here and there is still a discordant feature, but in general the traveller is left to enjoy a land of beauty, if he chooses to be so left, rather than directed to a series of beauty spots. With the exception of the few obvious tourist centres, which include San Martino, Madonna di Campiglio, and Cortina, the majority of villages and towns seem to have a little tourist industry superimposed upon a fundamentally more significant range of normal agricultural activities, fruit-growing, viniculture, dairying, lumbering. There is here in the Dolomites much less of the





"magnificently bogus", of carefully restored ancient monuments, and of the over-commercialized type of catering for tourists that in so many parts of Switzerland is carried through with the unrelenting thoroughness, if not with the arrogance, of the Teuton. Today, in the year 1951, it is still possible to find quiet valleys which recall what Amelia Edwards said in 1873:

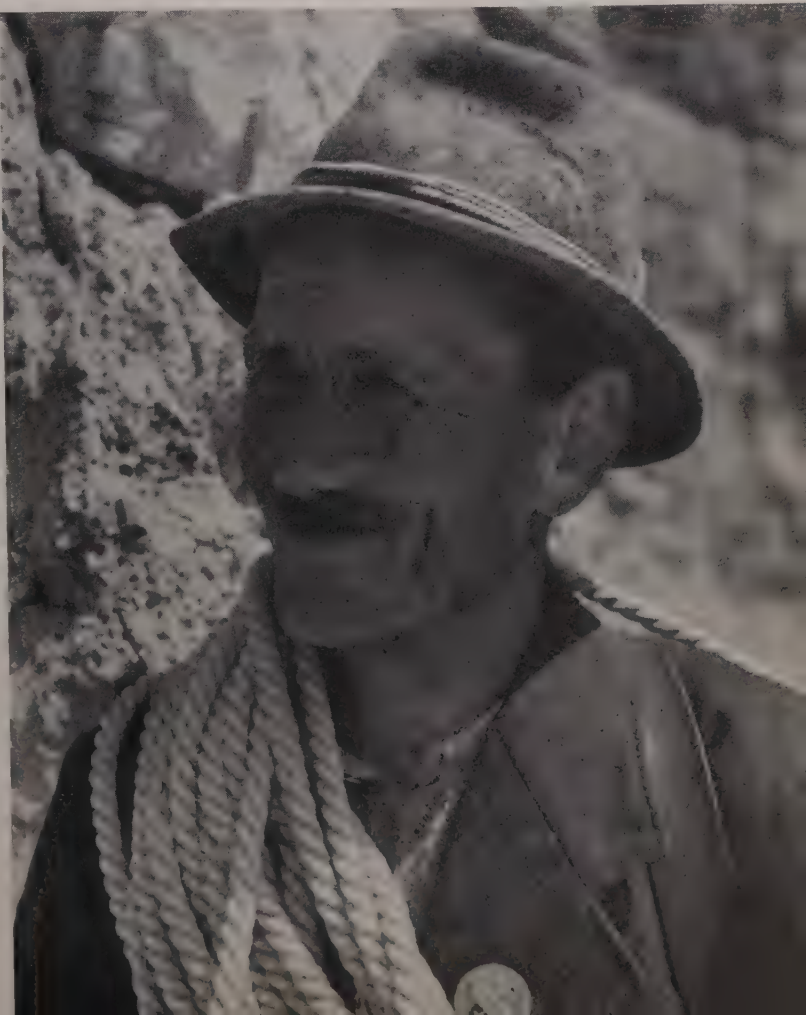
It is difficult to speak of the people, the climate, of the scenery, without risk of being thought too partial or too enthusiastic . . . it is as natural to the natives of these hills and valleys to be kind and helpful and disinterested, as it is to the Swiss to be rapacious—to say that here one escapes from hackneyed sights; from over-crowded hotels; from the dreary routine of tables d'hôte; from the flood of Cook's tourists—is, after all, but to say that life in the South-Eastern Tyrol is yet [more or less] free from all the discomforts that have of late years made Switzerland unendurable, and that for those who love sketching and botany, mountain-climbing and mountain air, and who desire when they travel to leave London and Paris behind them, the Dolomites offer a playground far more attractive than the Alps.

A good climbing district is not always well adapted for walking, particularly for walking tours. In the Alps, for instance, though there are many delightful walks in any valley, the pedestrian tourist pure and simple is too often hemmed in by glacier or rock walls which are impassable. Moreover, the large scale of the valleys and the extent to which the steep lower cliffs impend mean that there is a restricted expanse of mountain scenery visible from low levels, and even that changes its aspect only gradually. To take one example only, a walk up the long valley from Stalden to Zermatt, in Switzerland, is certainly pleasant in its close-range

views of roaring torrent and steep woodland, but of the great peaks only rare glimpses are obtained for the greater part of twenty miles. At Zermatt a crossing to either of the lateral valleys of Saas or Zinal or southwards into Italy is barred by glacier passes which lie beyond the capacities and skill of the strongest walker who is not a trained mountaineer, unless he is prepared to engage a guide or can join a rope of Alpinists.

The Dolomites, on the other hand, are perfectly adapted for the cross-country walker. Not only can splendid head-to-foot views of many peaks be secured from valley levels (e.g. at Cortina) but also the passes are almost entirely snow-free, whilst the smaller scale of the valleys themselves makes for frequent changes of scene in the course of a day's march.

Here in England and in many parts of the Continent there are chains of Youth Hostels arranged to allow a good day's walk in mountain country when passing from one to another. The comfortable mountain inns of the Dolomites, similar to those in the North



(Opposite) *A third of the way up the south wall of the Marmolata. Nearly 3000 feet long, it is one of the most important rock-climbs in the Dolomites. (Right) Michel Innerkofler, a Tyrolean Guide*

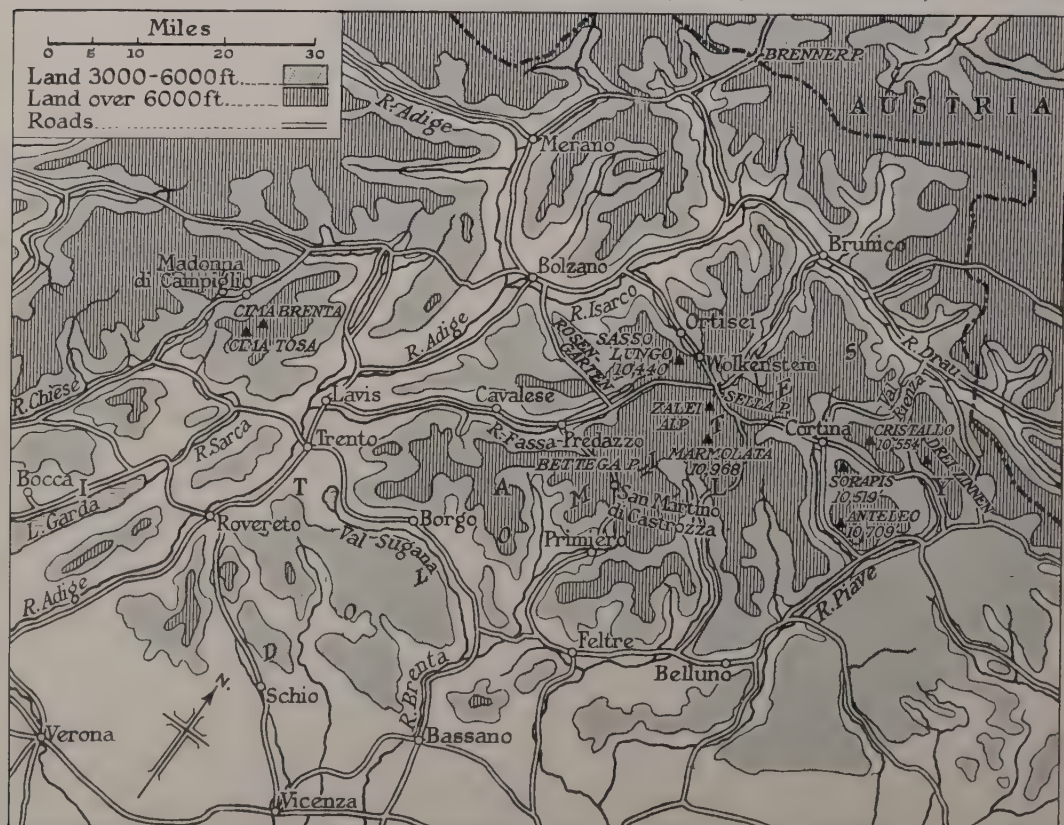
Tyrol, are adapted to many more types of walker than Youth Hostels where cheapness is the main object. These inns vary somewhat in the amenities they offer, according to situation, but follow a fairly settled plan. Dormitories with six or eight bunks are available on very cheap terms, and walkers may bring their own food. The same *rifugio* will also provide private bedrooms, often with a comfortable sheet-lined bed, and a full bill of fare, for the man who prefers a higher level of comfort. Needless to say, the cuisine is of high standard, whilst good wines are never lacking. Those who are fond of solitude will perhaps complain that the inns are met rather too frequently, but a careful choice of route will enable some of them to be avoided.

Anyone who is capable of dealing with the rough walking met in Skye, in Wester Ross, on Tryfan and the Glyders, on Striding Edge or the 'traverse' of Great Gable, will be capable of proceeding along Dolomite tracks. Tourists, as Baedeker has it, "should have steady heads", for often the tracks pass along precipices and zigzag up steep slopes.

Walking with a full rucksack, as one inevitably needs to do on a tour, is warm work anywhere, and Italy is hot. The best time for walking is in late summer or early

autumn, even at the risk of finding some huts closed. Similarly, those who prefer to see at least some snow on their hills may prefer the spring, a time of particular beauty. Again the huts may not all be open, and enquiry should be made before leaving a valley centre. In general, early June to mid-September is the time when *all* huts will be available. Valley walking pure and simple is apt to be oppressive, and a high-level tour is much better. By keeping to the 5-8000-foot contours, where the fringe of the tree-line, on the one hand, and the average base-level of the difficult rock, on the other hand, form the boundaries, the traveller is rewarded by open views, yet views whose starkness is relieved at times by woodland and green alp. A worthwhile compromise between the restricted valley-walking from an hotel and the overlaid tour is to make a way to a hut and do two or three days' walking from that base before returning to the valley.

Main roads are emphatically not recommended, and not merely because, like main roads anywhere, they are hard to walk on, but also because being constructed of limestone and churned up by heavy motor transport they are covered in fine dust. The clouds sent up by every wheel not only create dis-





Early morning on the Bettega Pass in the San Martino Dolomites, on the way to the summit of the Cimon della Pala. Monte Cristallo, the Drei Zinnen and Sorapis are silhouetted in the distance

comfort for those near, but also overlay the boundary grass and trees with a grey film, just as if they were near a cement works. Fortunately the roads can easily be avoided, except for an occasional direct crossing. In general the area is made accessible at selected points by these roads, and their separation is great enough to leave between them large areas of mountain country. Even where a road goes eventually to the walker's destination, alternatives exist in woodland tracks at a satisfactory distance from the highway.

One of the delightful features of walking in the Dolomite grasslands and woods is the wealth of flowers. I am no botanist, and can

not attempt to impress my readers with long strings of names, but from a mass of memories it is easy to recall the grass slopes of the Sella Pass in July, with gentians almost as numerous as the grass blades; the tiny summit of a bleak, bony pinnacle in the Rosengarten with a clump of Alpine buttercups growing in a sheltered crevice; the cushion mosses and clusters of soldanella on an almost vertical face of rock in the San Martino Dolomites; the lilac-tinted autumn crocus dotted over the parklands behind Castel Pietra on an October day; the massed clumps of alpenrose among the boulders of the Val Brenta on a day of mist and storm.

Though everywhere the walking routes alone justify a visit by small energetic parties of the moderate amount of mountain experience I have mentioned, there is no doubt that the party able to get the best out of a Dolomite tour is one whose members have some experience of mountaineering and rock-climbing. The scale of the hills is such that by starting early from a hut an easy peak can be reached in three or four hours, descended in half the time, and the walk continued to another hut.

Exploration of these mountains has long since ended, in the official sense, yet is it not open to everyone to make his own personal discoveries? He may be confident that in the great variety of walks and scrambles available, and set out on the maps of the district, he will be able to measure the risks against his own experience, and by suitable selection and gradual experiment avoid finding himself involved in such dangerous positions as the Alps can bring, yet with considerably more exhilarating situations and more massive rock architecture than are found in Britain.

Dolomite rock-climbing proper is a very different matter; it is almost as specialised a part of rock-climbing as rock-climbing itself is of the wider craft of mountaineering.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the Dolomites by some climbers, especially those trained for and attracted to the snow and ice peaks. Dolomites as peaks, it has been said, are contemptible. Certainly they are small in comparison with the great Swiss ice peaks or with Mont Blanc. The amount of ice work they offer is trivial, and often avoidable.

The rock, however, is simply made to be climbed. Unlike even the British hills, which are of the tough volcanic rock alone capable of surviving the ice cap that once lay over them, the Dolomites have never been glaciated, and the rock is never smoothed to the extent that is seen elsewhere. Thus there is usually no lack of hand-and-foot hold (or at least finger-and-toe hold!), but the distinctive feature of all dolomite for the climber is the uncompromising exposure. Sheer verticality, often spoken of, is rarely encountered in the granite peaks, whilst in the Dolomites it is the type. There is no margin of safety for clumsy or careless climbers—balance and neatness are absolutely essential. Firm nerves are indispensable in the leader, and are also an advantage and comfort in and to those who follow. Except on the easiest routes, problems of route-finding make

the use of guides very advisable for all but the most able British climbers.

The Dolomites are what you care to make them. To stick to the broad highway, white with limestone dust, and see over the green alps the great crags rising into the sky is but one way to travel. At the other extreme is the rarefied pursuit of the sixth grade, the climbing of 'impossible' overhangs by the extensive use of iron nails (*pitons*), for those who are so disposed. *Hunde! wollt ihr ewig leben?* might well be their war-cry to the passing motorists.

Middle courses have much merit. To tread the paths leading up into the high corries is pleasant and reasonably safe. Once there, comfort in a mountain inn can be enjoyed. Those who prefer a bivouac under the stars with a fire of pine boughs and a couch of bilberry or heather may pass the inn to seek little corries away from the huts.

* * * *

At times there is much to be said for doing but little nor that little oft. We can laze in the hot sun, as Leslie Stephen did, under the chestnut trees above Primiero, and watch the changes in the aspect of the peaks.

It was in such a mood that, after eight consecutive days of hard climbing, I paid off my guide, and in a leisurely way went up by cool woodland paths to a green alp where I wandered at intervals over the meadows and along the fringes of the woods, content to enjoy the warm sun and the fresh beauty all around me. I saw few people—an occasional group of haymakers; a peasant with his tiny cart; a group of other walkers.

From the edge of a little pine-wood came voices singing in German, and I took the singers for a party of Tyrolese or Austrians. But they were a Roman lady and her children who turned to me, as they ended their song, with the friendly greetings that come so naturally to all Italians. After a little time in conversation, I asked them if they would sing again, and this time they gave one of those Alpi songs of World War I—of such quality that all its poignancy was independent of the language. The blended voices sent out the cadences of the song sweet and clear over the broad alp, the summer breeze made shot-silk ripples over the hayfields; the blue cloud shadows drifted across the steep rock walls of the peaks, and among the shadows sparkled the grey-gold pinnacles as the sun caught them, and it seemed already that such ethereal fantasies could never have been climbed, in war or in peace.

A Map of Canada in 1546

by C. A. BURLAND, F.R.A.I.

Mr Burland's articles on two other early American maps, which we published in March and July 1950, revealed a fascination lying as much in what these tell of their makers as in their evidence of contemporary geographical knowledge. We are indebted to the Librarian, the John Rylands Library, Manchester, for allowing the map herein described to be examined by the author and photographed

PIERRE DESCELIERS was a priest of the church in the small town of Arques, near Calais. Practically nothing is known of his personal life, but his work reveals him as a great artist-cartographer worthy of the commissions he executed for the French Court. It is known that he constructed a famous globe, but of that no trace remains. Desceliers' fame stands firm on three Mappemondes which he produced in the years 1536, 1546 and 1550. These beautiful works cover the world known to Desceliers with many strange pictures, some mythological, some from old tradition, and, fortunately for us, many representations of peoples known in his day. He must have been a lively, versatile person when one considers his range of subject, from whales to Prester John; but that he was also a painstaking and patient collector of accurate information is evident from the coastlines and rivers of his maps. In the three in question we may see the latest information about the great River of Canada, the Saint Lawrence discovered by Jacques Cartier, and the Saguenay first ascended by the Sieur de Roberval. There on the romantic waters we see ships, and Indians in canoes; the great whale disports himself, and polar bears catch fish from ice floes. Inland are more Indians and Frenchmen, the wooded Laurentian heights, and castles drawn in place of the Indian stockades of Stadacona and Hochelaga.

Now all this world of Canada was unknown to Desceliers. In his map of 1536, now in the British Museum's Harleian MSS, he shows European labourers working in Labrador, and a group of naked savages near Hudson Bay, a most unlikely place for such costume; and as for the farm-workers even the good people of Arques had heard that the land had been named Labrador because the natives seemed ideally suited for manual toil. In 1550, Desceliers again went to court with a lovely map for King Henri II of France in which Eskimo igloos appear made of straw, and the interior of America is occupied by a battle of the Cranes and Pygmies. This map,

discovered in Padua, is now in the British Museum. The surprise comes with the map of 1546, now in the John Rylands Library, Manchester. Not only is the topography as good as anything Desceliers did on his other maps, but the natives are shown in some detail and with sufficient accuracy to be recognizably American Indians of those particular regions.

There can be little doubt that this map was a Court affair. For many years it was known as the Dauphin Mappemonde, and it is reasonable to think it was actually made for the Dauphin who the next year succeeded his father, François I. Its purpose seems to have been the glorification of the Sieur de Roberval, a rather incompetent bumptious soul who had been placed in charge of the attempt at colonization in which the navigator Jacques Cartier was engaged on his third voyage to Canada in 1541-42. The value of the work to us is that it gives the earliest representations of the North American natives. Where Desceliers obtained his information is not clear. He must have been well acquainted with Cartier's little book, the *Brief Recital*, and it is inconceivable that the priest of Arques was not personally known to the religious Breton seaman. For one thing they were both dependent on the King for support in their enterprises, and the knowledge of the seaman was complementary to the work of the cartographer. There are, however, other non-Canadian natives who must have been described by other seamen. We shall meet them in due course as we explore the map.

If I prefer to explore with Cartier, who shall blame me? He was the first European to fall in love with Canada, and was a good religious, gossiping citizen of St Malo in Brittany. He was on the Council, he was a Magistrate, he was present at many baptisms as godparent of his friends' children; in fact Jacques Cartier was a likeable man, and when he fell from favour in Court he was supremely happy to be among his fellow-citizens of St Malo.



The earliest map known to depict Red Indians accurately: the North American section of the map of



the world drawn in 1546 by Desceliers for the Dauphin, later Henri II. North is at the bottom



Details of Desceliers' map of Canada on the previous pages. Beothuk Indians in a canoe off Newfoundland are harpooning a whale, while Montagnais Indians in the forests at the mouth of the St Lawrence are shown among moose, bears and deer. Figures in the classical style adorn Labrador

Let us enter the world of the map near the great whale off the coast of Newfoundland. There we see a canoe-load of Indians engaged in hunting it. They are not Eskimos, although there is archaeological evidence that Eskimos once lived on both sides of the Strait of Belle Isle. These Indians, however, use darts with lines attached, and without detachable heads or floats of the Eskimo type. Their costume is different: one man wears a kilt, another a long gown of skins; they all wear their hair tied up into a cone on top of the head. We recognize the Beothuks here, natives of Newfoundland who dressed in just this way. Their canoe is wrong, and although the steersman paddles properly the crew appear to be rowing rather than paddling. This is either an error, or else the Beothuks had learnt to row from white sailors in a surprisingly short period.

Jacques Cartier met such Indians on the coast of Labrador in his first voyage of 1534. Hakluyt's translation gives his comments: "But it is not to be called the New Land, but

rather stones and wild craggess . . . To be short, I beleieve that this was the land that God allotted to Caine. There are men of an indifferent good stature and bignesse, but wilde and unruly: they weare their haire tied on the top like a wreath of hay, and put a wooden pinne within it, and any other such thing in stead of a naile, and with them they bind certaine birdes feathers. They are clothed with beastes skinnnes as well the men as women, but that the women go somewhat straiter and closer in their garments than the men do, with their wastes girded: they paint themselves with certain Roan colours: their boates are made of the bark of birch trees, with the which they fish and take a great store of Seales, and as farre as we could understand since our comming thither, that is not their habitation, but they come from the maine land out of hotter countreys, to catch the saide Seales, and other necessities for their living."

There is no reason to think these were in fact southern natives, nor could they be the

This is a historical map of the Gulf of Mexico and the surrounding regions of Central America and the Caribbean. The map is oriented with North at the top. The Gulf of Mexico is shown in the upper left, with the Yucatan Peninsula and the Isthmus of Panama visible. The map is labeled with various place names in Spanish, including 'Calle de San Juan', 'Calle de San Pedro', and 'Calle de San Antonio'. It also includes a small inset map in the top left corner showing the Gulf of Mexico and the surrounding landmasses.

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enough, doubtless sending signals: "Come down to see the wonderful ships and the manitous who live on them". Their first action was to offer wooden platters of seal meat, and then retire to see if the white men would take the gift. They did. So the Indians were comforted and strengthened in their hearts and came forward to trade. Next morning the greater part of the tribe arrived in birchbark canoes. They danced and sung a welcome to Cartier and his men, and traded all they possessed with the French. It was of small value, says Cartier, even though the Indians traded all their clothing. He is enthusiastic about the country and mentions two or three times the presence of a wild cereal which he compares to rye and oats. This is valuable evidence of the identity of the "wild wheat" of the Vinland sagas. It is now known as wild-rice grass and is still gathered by Micmac women to add to their store of foodstuffs for the cold winter.

Passing further westward along the coasts Cartier came to the Bay of Chaleur, where he was stormbound and only with difficulty made his way out and as far north as Gaspé Bay. It was probably at the mouth of the Dartmouth River that he met the Indians again. "In the meantime we saw a great multitude of wild men that were fishing for mackerels whereof there is great store. Their boates were about 40, and the persons, what with men, women and children two hundred. . . . These may very well and truly be called Wilde, because there is no poorer people in the world. For I thinke all they had together, besides their boates and nets was not worth five souce." After further description Cartier mentions that as far as he understood they had a kind of corn in that country which had a grain as big as a pea, and which could be kept in store. This was his first information about maize, and the Indians who told him were no poor savages such as he had thought: they were members of the Wendat confederation who later came to be called Hurons by the French because of their rough cropped hair. Cartier took careful charge of the two sons of their chief, whom he promised to take to Europe. The old chief probably thought they were going to visit the Great Spirit. The young men, Taignoagny and Domagaia, were so pleased with their red suits in the European fashion that they were by no means averse to the adventure. Cartier now had to return.

The Hurons appear in their own territories on the map near Ochelaga, here used as a territorial name. They can be identified by

the head-dress of one of the figures whose scalp-lock rises high on his shaven crown. We conclude that Pierre Desceliers had no opportunity of seeing the Hurons in their native costume, as he shows them nearly naked as in Cartier's first description.

In the following year, 1535, the Hurons were back home. King François had sent Cartier to further his explorations of the waterway which the Indians described. There was some hope that at last the long-sought channel to the East had been found, and that France might be able to trade with Cathay without the necessity of navigating Magellan's Straits. There was no thought of a settlement then; it would have produced no immediate golden returns, and the King was much in need of gold to prosecute his struggles with Charles V.

In Cartier's Voyage of 1535 we first obtain many of the place-names inland which appear on Desceliers' maps. The travellers, with three ships, came in through the Straits of Belle Isle and coasted along past the Island of the Assumption, now Anticosti. Soon the Hurons began to recognize the landmarks of their country. The French navigators were naturally anxious to record names, and here began some errors which have marked Canadian geography ever since Desceliers recorded the place-names assumed by Cartier.

On seeing the mouth of a river the natives seem to have been asked what it was named in their language, and they replied, in excellent Wendat, "Saguenay" which means "At the River's Mouth". The Europeans assumed it was the name of the river. Later on they found they were going up stream towards a new country which they understood the Hurons to describe as belonging to the Lord of Canada. Alas for the domains of the chief. They meant this was the territory over which they roamed when hunting and fishing for their chief who was the lord of the town. By "town", which in Wendat sounded like "Canada" they meant their own town of Stadacona. Later in the voyage the Indians told the story of a rich land to the west beyond a fresh-water sea which they described as the home of copper-mining Indians. Desceliers evidently heard of this story as he puts some miners at work in the general region of Arizona. The Indians, however, had told Cartier that these miners were at the head of the "Saguenay". This time they referred to the mouth where the St Lawrence connected with Lake Erie, but Cartier was not to realize that. This



The armoured figures at the headwaters of the Saguenay are Roberval and members of his expedition, whose activities Desceliers' map was intended to illustrate. Behind him is the fort of Stadacona (Quebec), one of the Hurons' main centres; the other was Hochelaga (Montreal). In the trees to the right of the colonists is an unexplained drawing of Indians adoring an old man with a beard

particular error led the 1542 expedition of the Sieur de Roberval to ascend the other Saguenay and there to find no copper mines at all.

It must have been very disappointing, and gave the French a very low opinion of the Indians' geographical knowledge. We, however, can see things in a more detached light, and are astonished at the range of their understanding. The group of Hurons living at Stadacona were first met when fishing 250 miles down stream off the Gaspé Peninsula. They also knew all about the town of Hochelaga, another 150 miles to the west. Their chiefs had given a pretty good clue to the whereabouts of the copper-bearing regions of Lake Superior: one Donnacona told Champlain a fantastic, partly true story of a river running south through the lands of the Trudamans, no doubt the Hudson. It became confused with the Mississippi, for the garrulous chief managed to convey an idea of people living in houses

and performing human sacrifices at mound-shaped temples. Perhaps Donnacona was thinking of stories he had heard of the Natchez near the mouth of the Mississippi. In the map we find a castle north of the mouth of that river. This more probably represents Donnacona's tale than a report of the De Soto Expedition, for the survivors from that expedition only reached Tampico a scant three years before our map was drawn. As for the Trudamans, they were the Iroquois Confederation, and the use of this name by Cartier is one little piece of evidence that Hiawatha had already formed that league before the arrival of white visitors. Perhaps the Indian standing behind the Alleghanies on our map with his skin cloak and wooden spear may be supposed to be one of these enemies of the Hurons. He must have been carefully described for Desceliers to have made such a drawing.

Politically, the fact that the French first contacted the Hurons rather than the

Iroquois was a determinative of the European policy in this part of America for the next two centuries. The native wars of Cartier's day became the wars of the allies of French and British, and ended in the dispersal of the Iroquois and the virtual extermination of the Hurons.

This does not mean that the Hurons were capable of keeping the peace between themselves. The people of Stadacona (Quebec) tried their hardest to prevent Cartier from visiting the people of Hochelaga (Montreal). They even warned him that the Great Spirit Cudragny would send an exceptionally severe winter if he persisted in his intentions. The messengers, who included the two young men who had been to France with Cartier, assumed great dignity. He was puzzled to see them dressed up with horns on their heads, not realizing that this was the sign that they had newly been elevated to chiefly rank among their people. However, he went upstream, and later gave details to Desceliers for the map which marks Cartier's most westerly point with the name of St Malo, and then goes on a little to depict the river as further described by the people of Hochelaga.

Among the other stories Cartier recorded was one of white men living up the "Saguenay" who wore white clothing. Alas, as we have seen, "Saguenay" is no guide. Was the white clothing just a translation of a gesture, meaning that they were white all over? Were the Indians describing a Norse settlement on Hudson's Bay? Or just the fishermen who frequented the Gulf of St Lawrence? We shall never be likely to find out because of the one tantalizing word: "At the River's Mouth". But our map seems intent on telling us something more. Beyond Roberval's army we see depicted an old man with a white beard, dressed in a kind of classical drapery. If this was all, we should be able to say that Desceliers was romancing, but around the old man are four crouching figures, irresistibly reminiscent of the sketches of Indians made in later days by Le Moyne and John White. One of them, moreover, appears to wear the characteristic leather 'shoulder-fringe' of the North American tribes in early times. My personal view is that it is another variation of the "White-men at the Mouth of the River", and one given by Roberval, perhaps to explain why he went so far up the unprofitable Saguenay. It appears from the flames beside the bearded figure that this may have been a picture of a fire-walking ceremony.

We now come to the picture of the Sieur

de Roberval and his band of colonists. I think our map, which gives his name, rather than Cartier's designation to the fort of "Franciroy", was largely dedicated to the results of his travels, and there is no reason to doubt that he ascended the Saguenay for some distance. Behind him is a fortress; not one of the wooden stockades one might have expected, but a castle. In reality this is meant for the wooden stockade of Stadacona with its bark long-houses, but apparently it was described as a *château* to Desceliers and as a *château* he painted it. The little picture of the Sieur de Roberval with his army grouped against the wooded hills of Canada gives some idea of the man and his projects. He was to be, he thought, the Viceroy of a great French Colony, someone on the scale of Cortes in Mexico. His failure even to found the smallest permanent settlement was due to the thoroughly incompetent organization of the expedition. He landed in Labrador with insufficient provisions to see his party through the first winter. His overbearing nature made him vindictive and harsh in the administration of justice, and in fact he wasted a great deal of time in establishing Viceregal courts where he tried cases of dispute about fishing rights off the Labrador coast, when he should have been preparing winter quarters for a first small settlement. It is something of a miracle that any of his expedition returned alive. As it is, tradition haunts his memory with the tragic, romantic story of his niece Marguerite, marooned with her lover, her baby and her old nurse on the desolate "Isle of Demons".

As to Cartier's relations with Roberval, we have the report that when Cartier returned from his third Voyage, which was under the express direction of Roberval, he found his chief making his belated outward journey on the coast of Newfoundland. He simply sailed on and returned to St Malo. He was not asked to take part in the rescue next year of Roberval's expedition, neither was he ever questioned about his action. It seems that everyone agreed that the great navigator was wise in letting the overbearing Viceroy of New France go his own way undisturbed.

It was three years after this was all over that Father Desceliers made our map. In 1547 the Dauphin became King Henri II of France, and the country was facing the civil schism of the Huguenot troubles. No question of settling Canada could then be entertained, and the third map, which Desceliers painted in 1550, peopled North America with the Cranes and Pygmies. I wonder what he thought.